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A LAY OF LAWN-TENNIS.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

Now, young people, the fine weather
 Will soon be gone.
 Go and tennis play together
 Upon the lawn.
 While the sun shines make your hay
 Between the showers.
 Improve, like busy bees, to-day,
 The shining hours.
 Time flies. For instance, look at me,
 And at your aunt!
 As you are now so once were we.
 But now we can't
 Dance all night long till break of day,
 Nor, if we knew
 How, at lawn-tennis could we play,
 Young folks, like you.
 Already on the turf you tread
 The toadstool springs,
 Which, when the summer's drought has fled,
 Damp autumn brings.
 The grass will soon have got too wet;
 Too moist the mould.
 Play whilst you can — don't play to get
 Your death of cold.
 Play whilst those limbs you yet can use,
 Free play allow,
 Which they will by-and-by refuse;
 As mine do now.
 Yet, on the sports of youth to gaze,
 One still enjoys;
 As you may too, in future days,
 You, girls and boys.

THE WANTS OF THE NATION.

WANTED, a skipper, who voyaging faster
 Than any one else, ne'er brings ship to disaster.
 Wanted, cheap railways, which speed and
 precision
 To the utmost combine without e'er a collision.
 Wanted, a surgeon, who risks operations
 Which in fatal results ne'er attain terminations.
 Wanted, investment, with view to futurity,
 Highest interest yielding on safest security.
 Wanted, directors, who capital use
 In the boldest of ventures — to win and not
 lose.
 Wanted, an army and fleet, by this nation,
 That yearly increase with decreasing taxation.
 Wanted, instead of ignoble abstention
 From Europe's disputes, and meek non-inter-
 vention
 In foreign affairs — which we, now to be folly
 see,
 On the part of our rulers, a "spirited policy."
 Wanted, a statesman, who'll play a high game
 Abroad, and still keep us at peace all the
 same

Wanted, doers to dare bold exploits of utility
 On mischance whilst we sternly enforce lia-
 bility.

What else wanted? In brief, our require-
 ments to tell,
 Wanted, pudding to eat, and yet have it as
 well.

Punch.

A FAREWELL.

I PUT thy hand aside and turn away.
 Why should I blame the slight and fickle
 heart
 That cannot boldly go, nor bravely stay —
 Too weak to cling, and yet too fond to part!
 Dead passion chains thee where her ashes lie;
 Cold is the shrine — ah! cold for evermore;
 Why linger, then, while golden moments fly,
 And sunshine waits beyond the open door?
 Nay — fare thee well; for memory and I
 Must tarry here and wait, . . . We have no
 choice,
 Nor other better joy until we die —
 Only to wait — and hear nor step, nor voice,
 Nor any happy advent come to break
 The watch we keep alone — for love's dear
 sake. MARY ANIGE DE VERE.

DEATH THE POET'S BIRTH.

THE poet may tread earth sadly,
 Yet is he dreamland's king,
 And the fays at his bidding gladly
 Visions of beauty bring;
 But his joys will be rarer, finer,
 Away from this earthly stage,
 When he, who is now a minor,
 Comes of age.

Roll on, O! tardy cycle,
 Whose death is the poet's birth;
 Blow soon, great trump of Michael,
 Shatter the crust of earth;
 Let the slow spheres turn faster;
 Hasten the heritage
 Of him, who, as life's true master,
 Comes of age.

Transcript.

CANZONET TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SING O the piles of verse and prose
 The postman daily brings;
Punch can't preserve, and therefore throws
 Away rejected things.

Torn up, he sends them all to burn;
 None such can he restore.
 Dear friends, they quit you to return —
 As youth returns — no more!

Punch.

From The British Quarterly Review.
THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.*

AMONGST books which have recently made a sensation in the literary world (and of late there has been a not inconsiderable number), perhaps not one is more remarkable than that whose title stands at the head of this article. A true product of the age, in dealing with the relations of science and religion, free from conventionalism, and noticeable for the boldness and originality of its views, it seems to point out the direction in which we must look for the sweeping away of present artificial barriers between science and religion. If its conclusions be accepted, the horizon of scientific inquiry will be extended, and Christ and the future life will be brought into more intimate and vivid connection with the visible material universe. Hitherto the theological world has regarded Christ only in his relations to the moral and spiritual needs of mankind, but the authors of "The Unseen Universe" find a need for him also in the general economy of the universe, and strive to prove their point, not without some plausibility, even from the Scriptures themselves.

Their chief aim, they tell us, is "to endeavor to show that the presumed incompatibility of science and religion does not exist; to show, in fact, that immortality is strictly in accordance with the principle of continuity (rightly viewed); to address themselves to those who see strong grounds for believing in the immortality of man and the existence of an invisible world, but who at the same time are forced to acknowledge the strength of the objections urged against these doctrines by certain men of science." But at the same time they seem to have gone beyond this, and to have attempted some sketch of what as a whole the universe may be, or rather perhaps some sketch of things and processes that may occur therein. Whether they have succeeded in their design, and with what measure of success, it will be the endeavor of the following pages to examine. In doing this, however, we shall not confine ourselves to the exact arrange-

ment of their argument, nor shall we have space to notice all the collateral points of interest.

At starting, the authors assume the existence of a Deity, who is the Creator of all things; also that "the laws of the universe are those laws according to which the beings in the universe are conditioned by the Governor thereof, as regards time, place, and sensation." These are assumptions which the class of readers addressed would certainly allow; yet it seems to us that by adopting them the authors at the very outset of their inquiry have contravened their proposed method of proceeding, viz., to argue from *purely* physical data; and this is the more to be regretted in that, without greatly enlarging their plan, they might have given physical reasons for the existence of a creator; indeed, they do try to strengthen their position by quoting Herbert Spencer. We should not, however, have touched upon this here, were it not for the use made of it in the argument. In approaching the consideration of the universe from the scientific side, we must take the laws thereof — well defined as in this work we find them — and argue backwards as far as we can to the First Cause; but by no means may we use teleological arguments, such as our authors employ when they affirm what the intention of the Creator was. We cannot conceive of God as conditioned in any way, neither ought we, indeed we are not able, to judge of his manner of action or thinking, — "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord," — but, reverently regarding nature as the expression and outcome of his laws and working, we should attempt to arrive at such knowledge of them as we can by earnest, honest seeking and following the truth wherever it may lead, — taking care that it is the truth, — well knowing that, as dealing with works of the same being, scientific inquiry and true religion cannot be at variance.

In connection with this a remark may be necessary on the limits of scientific inquiry. Some good people resent the intrusion of science into questions concerning the origin of life and things, whilst others, who allow the right of inquiry,

* *The Unseen Universe; or, Physical Speculations on a Future State.* Second Edition. Macmillan and Co.

would perhaps not go so far as to say, "We think it . . . the bounden duty of the man of science to put back the direct interference of the great First Cause — the unconditioned — as far as he possibly can in time." Further on the authors say: "If, then, two possible theories of the production of any phenomenon are presented to the man of science, one of these implying the immediate operation of the unconditioned, and the other the operation of some cause existing in the universe, we conceive that he is called upon by the most profound obligations of his nature to choose the second in preference to the first." The first statement, it must be granted, is rather startling in its bareness, and certainly requires to be "conditioned;" but the second, we think, is not far wide of the truth, provided the theory proposed is easily conceivable.

The principle of continuity, the great guide of our inquiries into the past and future, is one of those magnificent generalizations which are the most striking results of modern science. Almost a truism, when its meaning is once grasped, it is remarkable for the great light it has thrown on problems heretofore regarded as practically unsolvable. It asserts that no phenomenon can happen without naturally flowing from a cause antecedent to it; that in passing from one state to any other, a body must pass through intervening states; that there must not be a sudden break without any connection between an event and the preceding one, such, for instance, as would happen if matter were to disappear for a time from the universe. It follows that if the principle of continuity be true, it is "the heritage of intelligence that there shall be an endless vista reaching from eternity, in each link of which we shall be led only from one form of the conditioned to another, never from the conditioned to the unconditioned." Lest this view of things should frighten the ordinary reader, the writers ask in the chapter on physical axioms, "Is it less reverent to regard the universe as an illimitable avenue that leads up to God, than to look upon it as a limited area bounded by an impenetrable wall, which, if we could only pierce it, would bring us

at once into the presence of the Eternal?" This is a question we cannot answer, but, being willing to learn, we will pass on.

These remarks being premised, we proceed to give a short and concise statement of the line of argument.

With respect to the present visible universe, the authors come to the conclusion that it had its beginning in time, and must come to an end in time; at least, to an end so far as present modes of life are concerned. At these two barriers they must by their principles allow no discontinuity, and therefore the present universe must have been *developed* out of, and will again sink into, some one older and more lasting, which can be nothing else than the unseen universe of ether. How it has been developed they do not know, but having assumed a theory of matter, they proceed to show how this development *might* have taken place, though "for the sake of bringing our ideas in a concrete form before the reader, and for this purpose only." This being settled for the visible material universe, their argument for the possibility of immortality is as follows. For continuous life two things are essentially requisite: first, "the capability of retaining some sort of hold upon the past, and, inasmuch as we are unable to contemplate such a thing as a finite disembodied spirit, it is farther evident that this hold implies an organ of some sort;" secondly, the capability of action in the present. "The living being need not always be in motion, but he must retain the capacity of moving. He need not always be thinking, but he must retain the capacity of thought." Next, if there be a future life, we have three suppositions: (1) a transference from one grade of being to another in the present visible universe; (2) a transference from the visible to some other order of things intimately connected with it; (3) a transference to an order of things entirely unconnected with it. The first cannot be held, because the present visible universe is not eternal, at least, they think they prove it is not; but some considerations we shall have to bring forward seem to show that it is only probably not eternal. The last would contradict the principle of continuity; we must therefore fall back

upon the second. If this be true, the principle of continuity asserts that in that other order of things life must still be conditioned, and since there must be an organ of memory and power of action, there must be a body of some kind. In order to explain memory, it is supposed that every thought and impression, which is known to produce changes in the brain, also affects a spiritual body, which is in some mysterious manner connected with the present material body, and which lives on after the latter has passed away. For this idea of spiritual bodies the authors quote the authority of the Christian writings: *e. g.*, St. Paul says, "There is a natural body and a spiritual body." There is nothing here that contradicts the principle of continuity, therefore a future state is not impossible.

But further, the principle of biogenesis asserts that life does not arise except from previous life, and hence life seems to be something essentially different from matter and energy. If, therefore, even the most advanced evolutionary theory be the true one, that all living things have developed from a single primitive germ, we cannot allow that it suddenly came into existence, since life is something *sui generis*. The principle of continuity asserts that it must have existed before; and since it could not exist in the visible universe, it must have done so in the previous invisible one. Hence there is not only the possibility, but even the strong probability, of a future state, inasmuch as there is no more reason for expecting a break of continuity in the future than in the past. Such, stripped of illustrations, proofs, and digressions, is the outline of the argument.

Interspersed with the reasoning, several questions are treated of, not bearing *directly* on the argument; as for instance, miracles, "Are there beings superior to man in the present visible universe?" etc. Also at the end of the book comes a consistent theory of the universe in general, the truth of which, it is allowed, is very problematical, but which is given for the purpose of fixing the reader's ideas.

Before criticising the successive steps of the above reasoning it will be necessary

to glance at the conservation of energy and other allied principles. It is impossible within the limits of this article to explain these fully, yet a short statement may perhaps be desirable for those who are not well acquainted with physical science. So far as our observation goes, matter is indestructible; however we may change its form and states, the quantity of matter cannot be altered. We may call this the law of conservation of matter. Now matter is not the only thing conserved in the universe; there is besides, what scientific men, after Young, have termed energy, of which they recognize two kinds — kinetic and potential. The former depends upon the motion of matter, the kinetic energy of any small portion of matter being proportional to the product of the number representing its mass (or quantity of matter) into the square of the number representing its velocity. The latter — potential energy — is due to the configuration of matter, whereby it possesses the power of doing work, or of producing kinetic energy. Thus, a ball held at the top of a house has energy owing to its position. If it be let fall it will strike the ground with a certain velocity, depending upon the height fallen through, and therefore with a certain kinetic energy. If we consider it at any point of its downward path, it will have the kinetic energy due to the space it has already fallen through, and the potential energy in virtue of the space it has yet to fall through; and the sum of these is constant, *i. e.*, the energy is conserved. All physical phenomena are the results of transformation of energy in matter. Thus heat consists of motion of very small parts of bodies; light, of motion of small parts of the ether; electric and magnetic phenomena depend, some on the motion of this ether connected with matter, others on certain states thereof. Now we find that in all cases the sum of the two kinds of energy in the universe is constant; if one form disappears it reappears in some other form, but no energy is destroyed. This is what is meant by the conservation of energy.

Closely connected with this is another principle — the dissipation of energy. To do work, we must have transmutation of

energy from one state to another. Thus in an engine we must transfer heat from the boiler to the condenser by means of steam—that is, we must transfer heat from a hot source to a colder one, and on the way *some* of the heat is converted into work. All the heat transferred is not converted into work, and there is therefore a waste of energy so far as work is concerned; or since no energy is destroyed, it would be more correct to say that there is a waste of available energy. This is always taking place. Energy is continually being dissipated; not destroyed, but having its power of doing work destroyed. Let us apply this to the universe. The planets and the sun gradually lose their heat by dissipation into space, and hence in some finite time will become cold. Besides this the ether resists their motions; the planets therefore will gradually approach nearer and nearer the sun, till at last they fall into it; they will then be heated by the collision, and will form a single but larger mass, whose newly acquired heat will a second time be dissipated into space, until it again becomes a cold lifeless mass. This process will be repeated, until all the planets have fallen into the sun, and the energy of the present solar system shall have been transformed into rotatory motion of this one mass, and heat dissipated into space, and therefore lost. Even this energy of rotation will be lost in the end, if the ether possesses friction. But long before this our system will have become quite unfit for life such as we know it, and therefore, so far as our present life is concerned, it must come to an end. After this other systems will approach each other, go through the same process, and finally be reduced to one cold mass. Now the authors of "The Unseen Universe" have assumed that the quantity of energy and matter in the universe is finite. If this be so, then within a *finite* time all the matter must be gathered into one aggregation and all the energy be dissipated. But what reason have we for believing that those quantities are finite: is it not rather probable that practically they are infinite? Space is infinite, and if space be filled with systems of worlds, then the matter in the whole universe will be infinitely great. Thus, whether the present order of material things comes to an end, depends on the question whether the quantity of matter in it be finite or not. It is therefore important to know what science has to say upon the case as thus put.

Oilers found that if the number of stars

were infinite and no light were absorbed, then the sky at night would be as bright as at noonday. We all see that it is not so; therefore either the stars are not infinite, or light is absorbed. The latter supposition is perhaps the more probable, and some observations and calculations of Struve point to this; the stars therefore may still be infinite. But further, even supposing Struve's hypothesis not to hold good, the quantity of matter might be infinite, for the greater number of stars might be in the cold state, or in the nebulous state. Thus there is still a possibility of the quantity of energy being infinite, and therefore we cannot certainly deduce, from the principle of dissipation of energy, that the present visible physical universe will come to an end in time. This, as we shall point out, will compel a modification of the authors' theory of immortality.

It is then clear that it does not necessarily follow, from the principle of dissipation of energy, that the universe must end in time. Is, then, the correlative statement that it began in time, to share the same fate? If we travel back through time, we see that the same processes must take place in a reverse order, and since the aggregations in the universe at present are *not infinitely great*, there must have been a time, not infinitely distant, when matter was everywhere in a nebulous condition, and all its energy in the potential form. Further back than this the principle of the dissipation of energy cannot carry us, but we can see that some change must then have taken place; for if not, the nebulous condition must have existed prior to this, and the gradual transformation of the potential into kinetic must have begun earlier, and therefore must have advanced further at the present time. Hence at that time some change must have taken place.

These are the two barriers beyond which we cannot pass with certainty, but as some guide to our reasoning a chapter is given to the consideration of what matter is, and to the relations between matter and ether. Here we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration at the masterly treatment and lucid statement of the physical laws which are discussed. Were it only for the sake of becoming acquainted with the magnificent principles and generalizations of modern physical science, and with the different theories of matter that have been propounded, we should strongly advise our readers to study this book. One of the authors at least must be a mathematical

physicist of no mean order, and we think we recognize in many ideas and forms of expression the hand of one of our foremost investigators in this domain of science.

Among speculations on the constitution of matter, the vortex theory of Sir W. Thomson is by far the most probable, and our authors have adopted it, with some important modifications.

The mathematical treatment of the motion of fluids is extremely difficult, but in one particular case there is a simplification, viz., when the velocity and its direction at any point can be determined from a single function of the position of that point. When this is not the case, the problem is far more difficult, and was to a great extent neglected by mathematicians, till Helmholtz brought his brilliant powers to bear upon it. This second case can be divided into two parts, and the general principles of each treated separately. The first part is nothing more than the ordinary theory, the second is called differentially rotational motion, as it is found that each small portion of fluid rotates round some axis through it. It has long been known that if motion of the first kind existed in a fluid, then, so long as the motion continued, it would remain of the same nature; also, that motion of this kind could be generated or destroyed. But Helmholtz has proved that if the second kind exist it must always have existed and always continue to exist. He showed besides that the axis round which each portion of fluid rotates touches a system of curves, which curves must either be closed or terminated at the boundary of the fluid. These filaments of rotating fluid are called vortex rings. The foregoing theorems are, of course, true only on the supposition that the fluid is frictionless.

Thomson applied this to the theory of matter, and assumed that matter consists of small vortex rings in the ether.

But if this were the case, these vortex rings could not have been *developed* out of the ether: either they must have existed from eternity, or they must have been created. Now, we have seen they could not have existed from eternity, therefore they must have been created. This could not have been done by a finite conditioned intelligence, and therefore the great First Cause must have worked directly. But this breaks the principle of continuity which our authors have assumed always to hold good. How do they get out of this difficulty? We shall see directly.

The principle of continuity has been

seen to hold universally in the present visible order of things, and hence to be a law of the Creator; but if we assume that the great First Cause acted at the first barrier, the law of continuity would have been then first promulgated; and inasmuch as from that time forwards it has not been broken, we can see no difficulty in supposing that the creation then took place—the very beginning of all present visible things, from which they have all flowed; nor does this impair our belief in the universality of the action of continuity. At the same time, what reason have we, *a priori*, except that everything since has developed therefrom, for asserting that there really was a break in continuity? so that if any reasonable hypothesis can be proposed which puts back the action of the unconditioned, we, as was said before, ought to accept it with welcome. We think it a strong reason for supposing the principle still to hold, that it always has held back to that time, and that there is no reason why it should not have held prior to it. But the authors also seek confirmation of their theory from teleological reasons; thus, that the Creator could never have intended to introduce intellectual confusion into the universe—by which is meant, that he would never have acted in such a way as that his finite intelligent creatures might not be able, by the use of their faculties, to investigate and understand all the laws and history of that universe. We have before referred to this method of argument, but we must confess that we do not quite like it. So, while asserting that such a break in continuity, as would be implied by the direct action of the unconditioned First Cause, can be held with undiminished faith in the universality of its action, we ought also to inquire whether the creation of matter could not be explained in some other way. In criticising the argument, too, we must remember that the fundamental idea from which the writers have started is the universal application of the principle of continuity both in time and space.

Allowing, then, this principle to hold, let us see to what conclusions our authors are led with respect to the origin of matter. Assuming, what is certainly true, that vortex atoms could have been developed out of a frictionless fluid by an unconditioned being alone, and also that this being would not thus act, they are driven to modify Sir W. Thomson's hypothesis. The indestructibility of the vortex rings depends on the supposition that the ether is perfectly frictionless; if it were not so,

they would ultimately disappear, and consequently must have been developed; moreover, they could have been developed by conditioned beings. Thus even we ourselves may easily produce vortex rings in air, water, or other fluids,* because they have a considerable amount of friction; while at the same time the very friction makes them exceedingly short-lived. If the friction were less they could not be produced so perfectly, but they would last much longer. Hence, if we assume that the ether possesses friction, we must also assume, since those vortex atoms must exist for an exceedingly long, though finite time, that this friction is very small. So far all is pure assumption; let us see what confirmation can be gathered from the little knowledge we have with respect to the ether. In the first place there are Herschel's and Struve's observations, referred to before, which though not worth much, yet, so far as they go, tend to the above conclusion. Secondly, we have Tait and Stewart's experiments on the heating of a disc by rapid rotation *in vacuo*, which they refer to ethereal friction, but which we think can be more easily explained in a different way. Lastly, there is the anomalous motion of Encke's comet, which can scarcely be accounted for unless by the action of some kind of resistance, though it is doubtful whether friction can produce much of the inequality, as if so it would be masked by the far greater influence of ordinary fluid resistance. Thus, though science does not lend much support to the theory of ethereal friction, yet what it does afford tends in its favor; and there is nothing against it, provided we assume that the friction is extremely small; while, if we reason from analogy, we shall be led to think it probable that the ether is to some extent subject to friction.

So far, then, we are quite justified in adopting the theory; but what have we gained? We have dispensed with the necessity of the interference of the unconditioned, but we must have some agent for developing the atoms. This agent must either be dead or living, blind or intelligent. Maxwell, in a lecture before the Chemical Society, drew attention to the fact that atoms have all the characters of manufactured articles; and this character

we cannot conceive to have been impressed on them by the blind working of natural forces. We must then assume that the developing agent was an intelligent being.

Here we should like to make some further remarks. This intelligent being either worked for a finite time or for eternity. If for a finite time, then that time must have been shorter than the period for which any single atom can now last. To illustrate this, suppose the agent to have stopped working one hundred thousand years ago (the numbers are of course quite imaginary), and the life of a single atom to be one million years. Then at present that atom has, at the most, only nine hundred thousand years to live, and the time during which the agent was working could not have been greater than nine hundred thousand years; for if so he would have begun more than one million years ago, and therefore at present atoms would be daily disappearing in thousands, and we could never have arrived at the conclusion that matter is indestructible. It hence follows that he could not have been working in the same region of space from eternity; since, on our present suppositions, the atoms are not eternal, and we can scarcely conceive him creating new matter where old is disappearing, for that would require him to be omnipresent, and therefore unconditioned with respect to space. But we might consider him as working from eternity, if we suppose he is also working progressively from point to point of infinite space. Now this is important, for we think that of the two suppositions, whether he works for a finite time and then ceases, or through eternity, the latter is, *a priori*, the more probable. And if this were so, it is evident that the present order of things would never come to an end, but that there would always be throughout eternity systems in every stage of development and decay, and therefore fit for life as we know it. Thus we should arrive at the same conclusion as before, and contrary to that of the authors.

But another objection may be raised to this theory of matter, and one, we think, not without weight. Suppose the atoms to have been developed, they at once begin to decay, of course exceedingly slowly when they have to exist for, it may be, millions of millions of years, but still they will always be in a state of decay; the intensity of the vortex motion will decrease, and from all analogy we should expect that with this some of their properties would also change. We have not recognized any such change, therefore we

* The reader may easily produce the rings in the following way. Make a hole about 1 inch or 1 1/2 inch in the middle of the side of a tin biscuit-box, and fill the box with tobacco smoke. If now the box be tapped on the side opposite the hole, vortex rings will be projected from it. The smoke is only for the sake of rendering the rings visible.

should be led to deny the decay. To this it might truly be replied, that the change would take place so slowly, that we could never expect to have recognized it within the time since scientific investigation has begun. But there is another test — supplied by geology. *As far as we are aware*, there is nothing in the rocks and foundations of the earth to prove that when they were laid the chemical or other properties of matter were different from those it possesses at present. If it were so, it would be a strong proof of a progressive decay. It seems, then, that on the whole we ought to consider the properties of atoms to depend on their shape alone, which is not likely. A friend has suggested that it is possible that atoms were developed at different times, but always of the same kind, and that the various elements owe their peculiar properties to being in different stages of decay, due to their respective ages. If this were so we should have one metal changing into another, and the philosopher's stone becoming a reality, though it is likely the less refractory metals would change to those more so.

We should like to draw attention to another theory, which will dispense with the action of the unconditioned, allow the eternity of matter and energy, and yet account for the beginning of things. It was, we think, first pointed out by Sir W. Thomson in *Nature*, that if we suppose every particle of matter to have its motion reversed, all nature would travel backwards over its former path. Rivers would flow from the sea and dash up cataracts; heat instead of being dissipated would be amassed; in the spring, dead leaves would fly up to the branches, become greener as the summer advanced, in the autumn become buds, and finally be absorbed into the trees; living things would grow less and less, men would be born from the grave, and the general economy of things be totally reversed, and after running back to the beginning, would proceed again to develop according to the same laws as at present. In such a state, if life were dynamical alone, living beings would know nothing of the past, but would see into the future of their own lives, as if they were viewing a landscape stretching into misty distance, and in everything cause would follow from effect: *e. g.*, if a stone struck a person the bruise would show before the actual blow, or if a man wanted to say something, he would speak some words and afterwards have the intention to do so. This seems to be a *reductio ad absurdum*,

and therefore life cannot be purely dynamical. But to explain the physical universe, we have only to suppose that periodic reversals of this kind do occur, and that the beginning of the present order of things took place at the end of a former period of reversal, and when the dissipation of energy again began. We should thus have two dispensations of nature, alternately existing, in both of which the principles of continuity and conservation of energy are true, but in one the dissipation of energy holds, in the other its opposite, shall we say, *colligation* of energy; in the one change, of potential into kinetic; in the other, change of kinetic into potential. The only point to settle is the cause of the reversals, which we think can be naturally explained in the following manner. We know that if a pendulum oscillates between two limits, in one portion of its path potential energy is changed into kinetic, in the other kinetic into potential; or an elastic bar will vibrate in the same way. Cannot we suppose something similar to take place in the universe? If gravitation and similar forces always remain the same, then, provided the universe is purely dynamic, and all its small parts frictionless, the above is what would certainly take place: we say if the universe is purely dynamic, for life seems to have some disturbing or guiding influence on matter. The principle of reversibility is a fundamental idea of dynamics, and if life were dynamical it ought to be capable of reversibility. If this happened, we saw above what would take place, and as we cannot for a moment believe life possible under such conditions, we must allow life to be *sui generis*. This appears to us a strong argument, and we shall make use of it again. For the above theory of the universe we claim that it explains everything we want, from what we certainly know as to the physical universe, and that it seems worthy of some notice: its weakness is its failure to explain life.

We have seen to what our authors have been led by loyally following the principle of continuity. At the end of the book they propose a theory to show how the development they require might have taken place, though without insisting on the truth of it; in fact, they acknowledge the chances are greatly against it. We give it in their own words: —

Let us begin by supposing an intelligent agent in the present visible universe — that is to say, a man — to be developing vortex rings, smoke rings, let us imagine. Now these

smoke rings are found to act upon one another just as if they were things or existences; nevertheless their existence is ephemeral, they only last a few seconds. But we may imagine them to constitute the grossest possible form of material existence. Now each smoke ring has in it a multitude of smaller particles of air and smoke, each of these particles being the molecules of which the present visible universe is composed. These molecules are of a vastly more refined and delicate organization than the large smoke ring; they have lasted many millions of years, and will perhaps last many millions more. Nevertheless let us imagine that they had a beginning, and that they will also come to an end similar to that of the smoke ring. In fact, just as the smoke ring was developed out of ordinary molecules, so we may imagine ordinary molecules to be developed as vortex rings out of something much finer and more subtle than themselves, which we have agreed to call the invisible universe. But we may pursue the same train of thought still further back, and imagine the entities which constitute the invisible universe immediately preceding ours to be in themselves ephemeral, although not nearly to the same extent as the atoms of our universe, and to have been formed in their turn as vortex rings out of some still subtler and more enduring substance. In fine, there is no end to such a process, and we are led on from rank to rank of the order imagined by Dr. Thomas Young, or by Professor Jevons, when he says "that the smallest particle of solid substance may consist of a vast number of systems united in regular order, each bounded by the other, communicating with it in some manner, yet wholly incomprehensible."

This theory irresistibly reminds us of Dr. Johnson's—

Big fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so, *ad infinitum*.

We must allow that it is an attractive theory, especially when applied to the scheme of immortality; still we cannot by any means conceive that an atom is composed of an infinite series of atoms such as is described above. However, passing over this, the great question now to settle is, what is this "mysterious, infinitely energetic, intelligent, developing agency, residing *in* the universe, and therefore in some sense being conditioned"? Science knows not; the authors therefore refer to the Christian records, from which they deduce the, at first sight, startling result that this agent is none else than Christ. We cannot here go through all the statements they bring to bear upon the question, but will strive to give a rapid sketch.

The Godhead consists of a plurality of persons, but one substance.

First, God the Father—the unapproachable Creator (John i. 18; Rom. xi. 36; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Eph. vi. 6; 1 Tim. vi. 16). He is the unconditioned First Cause of all things.

Second, God the Son (John i. 1; 2 Cor. v. 10; Col. i. 15; Heb. i. 1). This being important, we give the authors' words:—

It is, we believe, a prevalent idea among theologians that these passages indicate, in the first place, the existence of an unapproachable Creator—the unconditioned One who is spoken of as God the Father; and that they also indicate the existence of another being of the same substance as the Father but different in person, and who has agreed to develop the will of the Father, and thus in some mysterious sense to submit to conditions and to enter into the universe. The relation of this being to the Father is expressed in Hebrews, in the words of the Psalmist, "Then said I, Lo I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." In fine, such a being would represent that conditioned, yet infinitely powerful, developing agent, which the universe, objectively considered, appears to lead up to. His work is twofold, for in the first place he develops the various universes or orders of being; and secondly, in some mysterious way he becomes himself the type and pattern of each order, the representative of Deity, as far as the beings of that order can comprehend, especially manifesting such divine qualities as could not otherwise be brought to light.

And again:—

It would thus appear that what may be termed the Christian theory of development has a twofold aspect, a descent and an ascent: the descent of the Son of God through the various grades of existence, and the consequent ascent of the intelligences of each led up by him to a higher level—a stooping on the part of the developing being, in order that there may be a mounting up on the part of the developed. Thus it is said (John iii. 16), "And no man hath ascended up into heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." Again (Eph. iv. 9), "Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things."

The necessity for such a person in the Godhead was recognized by the early Christian and Neo-Platonist philosophers of Alexandria, and it is remarkable that no reference is made to them in the book. Numenius, who lived in the second century, says: "The primary God must be

free from work, and a king, but the Demiurgus must exercise government, going through the heavens. Through him comes this our condition, through him reason, being sent down in efflux, holds communion with all who are prepared for it." . . . This was the difficulty of the philosophers of old, to reconcile the fact of an unconditioned being working in time and space and subject to its laws. "Philo," says Kingsley,* "offered a solution in that idea of a Logos or Word of God, divinity articulate, speaking and acting in time and space and by successive acts, and so doing in time and space the will of the timeless and spaceless Father, the Abysmal and Eternal Being, of whom he was the perfect likeness." The evangelist John especially identifies this Logos of Philo with Christ in the well-known opening of his Gospel, and so strongly is it there set forth, that Amelius † the Platonist inserts it almost word for word in a certain book of his. In his "Confessions" also Augustine ‡ expressly states the help he received from the writings of the Neo-Platonists, in freeing him from Manichæan heresies, although at the same time he draws a distinction between the Platonist and the Christian writings. From the former he learnt the divine nature of the Logos, in the latter alone he found the fact of the humiliation thereof, in the incarnation and death of Christ.

Before we are able to consider the office of the third person in the Godhead, we must retrace our steps and take up the argument for immortality. If the reader will refer to the outline we gave on p. 196, he will see that the authors begin by laying down two essentials of continued life. We might perhaps conceive life possible without the second, but the first is clearly essential. After this follow three suppositions, of which the first and last are assumed to be out of court. The first, because the visible order of things must come to an end: the last, because it breaks the principle of continuity. But the reader has gathered, from what we have said in the preceding pages, that it does not follow that the present universe will come to an end; but it is quite conceivable, nay possible, that there may be even systems of worlds in all stages of development, and therefore it is possible that death might be only a transference from one system to another. We say possible, at the same time it seems very un-

likely; the second supposition, therefore, is the more probable. So that instead of being restricted to one supposition, we have the choice of two. Its greater probability leads us to choose the second.

This second supposition is that death is a "transference from the visible to some other order of things intimately connected with it," and therefore still conditioned. The invisible order of things must be the ether, which, as we have seen, receives the waste energy from the visible universe. A great difficulty of philosophers has been to reconcile this apparent waste in nature with the idea of an intelligent and benevolent Creator, but on this supposition we see at once that energy is not wasted ultimately, it is stored up for the use of this invisible world. Moreover it may be considered to be storing up a memory of what has hitherto happened in the visible universe; for the motion of every molecule affects the whole universe, and an intelligent mind may be conceived able to unravel back the "threads of time" by this means; or it may be, since every little motion communicated to the ether is travelling outwards into infinite space, that the whole boundless universe is one huge picture of past events, just as by looking at the stars it may be imagined we are remembering what happened there hundreds of years ago. Of our soul might not Byron's words hold? —

Then unembodied doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, yet seeing all —
All, all in earth or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll thro' chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth
The spirit trace its rising track.

There are two ways of supposing memory, which is one of the essentials of continuous life, to exist; but on this point also our authors have a new theory to propound. They suppose that we possess a frame, or rudiments of a frame, called the spiritual body, connecting us with the invisible world. Thought, when it affects the brain and produces a material organ

* Schools of Alexandria.

† Euseb. "Præp. Evang.," lib. i., cap. 10 (Old Edit.).

‡ Confess., bk. vii.

of memory, also affects this spiritual body; and so at death, while the material organ of memory is destroyed, that of the spiritual body remains. The possession of this body would also satisfy the second essential condition of life. Objections might of course be raised to this, and several have been anticipated and answered in the book. It follows from the preceding arguments that immortality is quite possible, and hence the aim of the authors has been attained. They say, "What we have done is to show that immortality is possible, and to demolish any so-called scientific objection that might be raised against it. The evidence in favor of the doctrine is not derived from us. It comes from two sources—from the statements made concerning Christ, and from that intense longing for immortality which civilized man has invariably possessed." Nevertheless they urge two considerations in its favor. One, shortly put, is as follows: the invisible universe existed before this; we cannot consider it as other than fully conditioned; if so, we cannot conceive a dead universe to have existed from eternity, for a dead universe is not fully conditioned; hence this universe must have contained intelligent beings, — an argument we fear rather too refined and metaphysical. The other has been referred to before, and depends on the truth of the law of biogenesis. If that law be true, we are as inexorably driven to the conclusion that life existed before its first introduction into the world, and that it will exist after the final dissolution, as we were driven to the same conclusion with respect to energy and matter.

The authors assume the law of biogenesis as absolutely proved, and say nothing of recent discussions on it — that of Pasteur some time ago in favor of it, that of Bastian more recently in refutation of it. At present, however, it stands more firmly than ever, for, rightly interpreted, Bastian's experiments go to strengthen it, as has been most remarkably demonstrated within the last few months by the experiments of Tyndall and of Dallinger and Drysdale. We have also above given an argument in favor of the distinct nature of life, drawn from its non-reversibility.

As in the case of the development of energy we required an intelligent agent to introduce it, so also we do here. Again, recourse is had to the Scriptures, and the reader has doubtless by this time a shrewd guess that this is a part of the sphere of action of the Holy Spirit. We will again let the authors speak for themselves: —

If we now turn once more to the Christian system, we shall find that it recognizes such an antecedent as an agent in the universe. He is styled the Lord and Giver of Life. The third person of the Trinity is regarded in this system as working in the universe, and therefore in some sense as conditioned, and as distributing and developing this principle of life, which we are forced to regard as one of the things of the universe, in the same manner as the second person of the Trinity is regarded as developing that other phenomenon, the energy of the universe. The one has entered from everlasting into the universe, in order to develop its objective element, energy; the other has also entered from everlasting into the universe, in order to develop its subjective element, life. (Gen. i. 2.)

We have now set before our readers the two most striking lines of argument adopted, but have been obliged to omit a host of subsidiary matters, full of interest, treated in an extremely original and liberal manner, and with a reverential spirit which is not always met with in such speculations. Such are, communication with the unseen, angels, heaven, hell, personality of the devil, etc.; but we cannot refrain from giving the writers' explanation of the miracles of Christ.

The position of Christ in the universe is that of an infinitely powerful being, yet at the same time subject to its laws; none of his works therefore can infringe the great fundamental law of continuity. Now from the connection of the invisible universe with the visible, a being in the position of Christ "could easily produce such transmutation of energy from the one universe into the other as would account for the events which took place in Judæa. These events are therefore no longer to be regarded as absolute breaks of continuity. . . . When we dig up an ant-hill we perform an operation which, to the inhabitants of the hill, is mysteriously perplexing, far transcending their experience, but *we* know very well that the whole affair happens without any breach of continuity of the laws of the universe."

A question naturally arises here: if the conclusions of our philosophers be accepted, what influence will they have on the present conception of the Deity and the Messiah? From the arguments in their book nothing can be gathered as to what the essence of the Godhead is, nor, if we may be allowed the expression, what his character may be; on this point they insist. Nevertheless it must have at least an indirect effect on current modes of thought. We have seen that the Creator must be unconditioned, that he had deter-

mined not to work directly on the course of development of the universe, and that, as the authors say, creation belongs to eternity, development to time. From this we derive an impression of vastness, of serene and strong repose, of an unapproachable majesty, of a being dwelling in the light that no man can approach unto; which also we learn from the New Testament writings and the sayings of Christ, and which the Jews felt with their name for God never to be spoken. Beyond this we can gather nothing more from physical arguments, nor is there anything in it opposed to what we learn from revelation; nay, the above view even removes many difficulties, such as those clinging to the doctrines of the benevolence and infinite power of God, and the presence of evil in the world. On the whole we think it will tend to raise the general conception of the Almighty, and to clear away many of the extraordinary anthropomorphic ideas common to many good people.

But if it tend to raise the Father to a greater distance from human passion and modes of working into a higher atmosphere of awe and reverence, it also brings Christ into closer relations with the universe and humanity than has yet been believed. Connected on the one side with the unconditioned Father, and on the other connected with man by consenting to be conditioned in order to work out the will of the Father, and to declare him to his intelligent creatures, we see more clearly *how* he is the means of approaching the Father, and *why* there must be such a mediator between God and man. But above everything it will bring into prominence the intimate connection between all the works of God; that as everything flows from him nothing should be held common or unclean, and that religion belongs not alone to the feelings and spiritual part of man, but has the closest relations with the experiences and duties of daily life — "In everything give thanks;" "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" that politics, and merchant-shipping acts, arts and science, are no less active modes of religion, than worship, morality, and prayer are the springs of it. If this were realized, then, indeed, would the "knowledge of God cover the earth as the waters cover the seas," and "the earth be filled with the glory of God."

The chief result, let us hope, will be the removal of that insensate suspicion with which religious and scientific professors regard each other. Religious people will believe (what at present they only *say* that

they believe) that the *whole* universe is the work of God, and that therefore the pursuit of science never can be at variance with true religion. Men of science will see, as indeed the best of them already do see, that all their science points to God, and leads their souls with wonder and awe to that eternal intelligence which has created and which governs all things. Certainly the authors of "The Unseen Universe" speak nothing but the truth when they say: —

We are led to regard it as one of the great merits of the Christian system, that its doctrine is pre-eminently one of intellectual liberty, and that while the theologians on the one hand, and men of science on the other, have each erected their barriers to inquiry, the early Christian records acknowledge no such barriers, but, on the contrary, assert the most perfect freedom for all the powers of man.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

KELPIE'S AIRING.

WHEN Miss Horn left him — with a farewell kindlier than her greeting — rendered yet more restless by her talk, he went back to the stable, saddled Kelpie and took her out for an airing. As he passed the factor's house, Mrs. Crathie saw him from the window. Her color rose. She rose herself also, and looked after him from the door — a proud and peevish woman, jealous of her husband's dignity, still more jealous of her own. "The verra image o' the auld markis!" she said to herself, for in the recesses of her bosom she spoke the Scotch she scorned to utter aloud; "an' sits jist like himsel', wi' a wee stoop i' the saiddle an' ilka noo an' that a swing o' his haill boady back, as gien some thought had set him straucht. Gien the fractious brute wad but brak a bane or two o' him!" she went on in growing anger. "The impudence o' the fallow! He has his leave: what for disna he tak it an' gang? But oot o' this gang he sall. To ca' a man like mine a heepocreet 'cause he wadna' procleem till a haill market ilka secrit fau't o' the horse he had to sell! Haith! he cam' upo' the wrang side o' the sheet to play the lord and maister here; an' that I can tell him."

The mare was fresh, and the roads

through the *policy* hard both by nature and by frost, so that he could not let her go, and had enough to do with her. He turned, therefore, toward the sea-gate, and soon reached the shore. There, westward of the Seaton where the fisher-folk lived, the sand lay smooth, flat and wet along the edge of the receding tide. He gave Kelpie the rein, and she sprang into a wild gallop, every now and then flinging her heels as high as her rider's head. But finding, as they approached the stony level from which rose the great rock called the Bored Craig, that he could not pull her up in time, he turned her head toward the long dune of sand which, a little beyond the tide, ran parallel with the shore. It was dry and loose, and the ascent steep. Kelpie's hoofs sank at every step, and when she reached the top, with widespread struggling haunches and "nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim," he had her in hand. She stood panting, yet pawing and dancing, and making the sand fly in all directions.

Suddenly a woman with a child in her arms rose, as it seemed to Malcolm, under Kelpie's very head. She wheeled and reared, and in wrath or in terror strained every nerve to unseat her rider, while, whether from faith or despair, the woman stood still as a statue, staring at the struggle.

"Haud awa' a bit, Lizzy!" cried Malcolm. "She's a mad brute, an' I mayna be able to haud her. Ye hae the bairnie, ye see."

She was a young woman, with a sad white face. To what Malcolm said she paid no heed, but stood with her child in her arms and gazed at Kelpie as she went on plunging and kicking about on the top of the dune.

"I reckon ye wadna care though the she-devil knockit oot yer brains; but ye hae the bairn, woman; hae mercy on the bairn an' rin to the boddom."

"I want to speyk to ye, Ma'colm Mac-Phail," she said in a tone whose very stillness revealed a depth of trouble.

"I doobt I canna hearken to ye richt the noo," said Malcolm. "But bide a wee." He swung himself from Kelpie's back, and, hanging hard on the bit with one hand, searched with the other in the pocket of his coat, saying as he did so, "Sugar, Kelpie! sugar!"

The animal gave an eager snort, settled on her feet, and began snuffing about him. He made haste, for if her eagerness should turn to impatience, she would do her endeavor to bite him. After crunch-

ing three or four lumps she stood pretty quiet, and Malcolm must make the best of it.

"Noo, Lizzy," he said hurriedly, "speak while ye can."

"Ma'colm," said the girl—and looked him full in the face for a moment, for agony had overcome shame: then her gaze sought the far horizon, which to seafaring people is as the hills whence cometh their aid to the people who dwell among mountains—"Ma'colm, he's gaein' to merry Liddy Florimel."

Malcolm started. Could the girl have learned more concerning his sister than had yet reached himself? A fine watching over her was his, truly! But who was this *he*?

Lizzy had never uttered the name of the father of her child, and all her people knew was that he could not be a fisherman, for then he would have married her before the child was born. But Malcolm had had a suspicion from the first, and now her words all but confirmed it. And was that fellow going to marry his sister? He turned white with dismay, then red with anger, and stood speechless.

But he was quickly brought to himself by a sharp pinch under the shoulderblade from Kelpie's long teeth: he had forgotten her, and she had taken the advantage.

"Wha tellt ye that, Lizzy?" he said.

"I'm no at leeberty to say, Ma'colm, but I'm sure it's true, an' my hert's like to brak."

"Puir lassie!" said Malcolm, whose own trouble had never at any time rendered him insensible to that of others. "But is't onybody 'at *kens* what he says?" he pursued.

"Weel, I dinna jist richtly ken gien she *kens*, but I think she maun hae gude rizzon, or she wadna say as she says. Oh me! me! my bairnie 'll be scornin' me sair whan he comes to ken. Ma'colm, ye're the only ane 'at disna luik doon upo' me, an' whan ye cam ower the tap o' the Boar's tail it was like an angel in a fire-flaucht, an' something inside me said, *Tell 'im, tell 'im*; an' sae I bude to tell ye."

Malcolm was even too simple to feel flattered by the girl's confidence, though to be trusted is a greater *compliment* than to be loved.

"Hearken, Lizzy!" he said. "I canna e'en think wi' this brute ready ilka meenute to ate me up: I maun tak her hame. Efter that, gien ye wad like to tell me onything, I s' be at yer service. Bide aboot here, or—luik ye, here's the key o' yon door—come throu' that intill the park—throu'

'aneth the toll-ro'd, ye ken. There ye'll get into the lythe (*lee*) wi' the bairnie, an' I'll be wi' ye in a quarter o' an hoor. It'll tak' me but five meenutes to gang hame. Stoat 'll pit up the mere, an' I'll be back—I can du't in ten meenutes."

"Eh! dinna hurry for me, Ma'colm: I'm no worth it," said Lizzy.

But Malcolm was already at full speed along the top of the dune.

"Lord preserve 's!" cried Lizzy when she saw him clear the brass swivel. "Sic a laad as that is! Eh, he maun hae a richt lass to lo'e him some day! It's a' ane to him, boat or beast. He wadna turn frae the deil himsel'. An' syne he's jist as saft 's a deuk's neck when he speyks till a wuman or a bairn—ay, or an auld man aither."

And, full of trouble as it was about another, Lizzy's heart yet ached at the thought that she should be so unworthy of one like him.

CHAPTER V.

LIZZY FINDLAY.

FROM the sands she saw him gain the turnpike road with a bound and a scramble. Crossing it, he entered the park by the sea-gate: she had to enter it by the tunnel that passed under the same road. She approached the grated door, unlocked it and looked in with a shudder. It was dark, the other end of it being obscured by trees and the roots of the hill on whose top stood the Temple of the Winds. Through the tunnel blew what seemed quite another wind—one of death—from regions beneath. She drew her shawl, one end of which was rolled about her baby, closer around them both ere she entered. Never before had she set foot within the place, and a strange horror of it filled her. She did not know that by that passage, on a certain lovely summer night, Lord Meikleham had issued to meet her on the sands under the moon. The sea was not terrible to her—she knew all its ways nearly as well as Malcolm knew the moods of Kelpie—but the earth and its ways were less known to her, and to turn her face toward it and enter by a little door into its bosom was like a visit to her grave. But she gathered her strength, entered with a shudder, passed in growing hope and final safety through it, and at the other end came out again into the light, only the cold of it seemed to cling to her still. But the day had grown colder: the clouds that, seen or unseen, ever haunt the winter

sun, had at length caught and shrouded him, and through the gathering vapor he looked ghastly. The wind blew from the sea. The tide was going down. There was snow in the air. The thin, leafless trees were all bending away from the shore, and the wind went sighing, hissing, and almost wailing, through their bare boughs and budless twigs. There would be storm, she thought, ere the morning, but none of their people were out. Had there been—well, she had almost ceased to care about anything, and her own life was so little to her now that she had become less able to value that of other people. To this had the ignis fatuus of a false love brought her. She had dreamed heedlessly, to wake sorrowfully. But not until she heard he was going to be married had she come right awake, and now she could dream no more. Alas! alas! what claim had she upon him? How could she tell, since such he was, what poor girl like herself she might not have robbed of her part in him? Yet even in the midst of her misery and despair it was some consolation to think that Malcolm was her friend.

Not knowing that he had already suffered from the blame of her fault, or the risk at which he met her, she would have gone toward the house to meet him the sooner, had not this been a part of the grounds where she knew Mr. Crathie tolerated no one without express leave given. The fisher-folk in particular must keep to the road by the other side of the burn, to which the sea-gate admitted them. Lizzy therefore lingered near the tunnel, afraid of being seen.

Mr. Crathie was a man who did well under authority, but upon the top of it was consequential, overbearing, and far more exacting than the marquis. Full of his employer's importance when he was present, and of his own when he was absent, he was yet, in the latter circumstance, so doubtful of its adequate recognition by those under him that he had grown very imperious, and resented with indignation the slightest breach of his orders. Hence he was in no great favor with the fishers. Now, all the day he had been fuming over Malcolm's behavior to him in the morning, and when he went home and learned that his wife had seen him upon Kelpie as if nothing had happened, he became furious, and in this possession of the devil was at the present moment wandering about the grounds, brooding on the words Malcolm had spoken. He could not get rid of them. They caused an acrid burning in

his bosom, for they had in them truth, like which no poison stings.

Malcolm, having crossed by the great bridge at the house, hurried down the western side of the burn to find Lizzy, and soon came upon her, walking up and down. "Eh, lassie, ye maun be cauld?" he said.

"No that cauld," she answered, and with the words burst into tears. "Naeboddy says a kin' word to me noo," she said in excuse, "an' I canna weel bide the soun' o' ane whan it comes: I'm no used till 't."

"Naeboddy?" exclaimed Malcolm.

"Na, naeboddy," she answered. "My mither winna, my father daurna, an' the bairnie canna, an' I gang near naeboddy forbye."

"Weel, we maunna stan' oot here i' the cauld: come this gait," said Malcolm. "The bairnie 'ill get its deid."

"There wadna be mony to greit at that," returned Lizzy, and pressed the child closer to her bosom.

Malcolm led the way to the little chamber contrived under the temple in the heart of the hill, and unlocking the door made her enter. There he seated her in a comfortable chair, and wrapped her in the plaid he had brought for the purpose. It was all he could do to keep from taking her in his arms for very pity, for, both body and soul, she seemed too frozen to shiver.

He shut the door, sat down on the table near her, and said, "There's naeboddy to disturb's here, Lizzy; what wad ye say to me noo?"

The sun was nearly down, and its light already smothered in clouds, and the little chamber, whose door and window were in the deep shadow of the hill, was nearly dark.

"I wadna hae ye tell me onything ye promised no to tell," resumed Malcolm, finding she did not reply, "but I wad like to hear as muckle as ye can say."

"I hae naething to tell ye, Ma'col'm, but jist 'at my Leddy Florimel's gauin' to be merried upo' Lord Meikleham — Lord Liftore, they ca' 'im noo. Hech me!"

"God forbid she sud be merried upon ony sic a bla'guard!" cried Malcolm.

"Dinna ca' 'im ill names, Ma'col'm. I canna bide it, though I hae no richt to tak up the stick for him."

"I wadna say a word 'at micht fa' sair on a sair hert," he returned; "but gien ye kent a', ye wad ken I hed a gey-sized craw to pluck wi' 's lordship mysel'."

The girl gave a low cry. "Ye wadna hurt 'im, Ma'col'm?" she said, in terror at the thought of the elegant youth in the

clutches of an angry fisherman, even if he were the generous Malcolm MacPhail himself.

"I wad rather not," he replied, "but we maun see hoo he carries himsel'."

"Du naething till 'im for my sake, Ma'col'm. Ye can hae naething again' him yersel'."

It was too dark for Malcolm to see the keen look of wistful regret with which Lizzy tried to pierce the gloom and read his face: for a moment the poor girl thought he meant he had loved her himself. But far other thoughts were in Malcolm's mind: one was that her whom, as a scarce approachable goddess, he had loved before he knew her of his own blood, he would rather see married to any honest fisherman in the Seaton of Portlossie than to such a lord as Meikleham. He had seen enough of him at Lossie House to know what he was; and puritanical, fish-catching Malcolm had ideas above those of most marquises of his day: the thought of the alliance was horrible to him. It was possibly not inevitable, however; only what could he do, and at the same time avoid grievous hurt? "I dinna think he'll ever merry my leddy," he said.

"What gars ye say that, Ma'col'm?" returned Lizzy with eagerness.

"I canna tell ye jist i' the noo, but ye ken a body canna weel be aye aboot a place ohn seen things. But I'll tell ye something o' mair consequence," he continued. "Some fowk say there's a God, an' some say there's nane, an' I hae no richt to preach to ye, Lizzy; but I maun jist tell ye this — 'at gien God dinna help them 'at cry till 'im i' the warst o' tribles, they micht jist as weel hae nae God at a'. For my ain pairt, I hae been helpit, an' I think it was him intil 't. Wi' his help a man may warstle throu' onything. I say I think it was himsel' tuik me throu' 't, an' here I stan' afore ye, ready for the neist tribble, an' the help 'at 'll come wi' it. What may be God only knows."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. CRATHIE.

He was interrupted by the sudden opening of the door and the voice of the factor in exultant wrath. "MacPhail!" it cried, "come out with you. Don't think to sneak there. I know you. What right have you to be on the premises? Didn't I turn you about your business this morning?"

"Ay, sir, but ye didna pay me my wages," said Malcolm, who had sprung to

the door, and now stood holding it half shut, while Mr. Crathie pushed it half open.

"No matter. You're nothing better than a housebreaker if you enter any building about the place."

"I brak nae lock," returned Malcolm: "I hae the key my lord gae me to ilka place 'ithin the wa' excep' the strong-room."

"Give it me directly: I'm master here now."

"Deed, I s' du nae sic thing, sir. What he gae me I'll keep."

"Give up that key, or I'll go at once and get a warrant against you for theft."

"Weel, we s' refar 't to Maister Sou-tar."

"Damn your impudence—'at I sud say 't!—what has he to do with my affairs? Come out of that directly."

"Huly, huly, sir!" returned Malcolm, in terror lest he should discover who was with him.

"You low-bred rascal! who have you there with you?"

As he spoke, Mr. Crathie would have forced his way into the dusky chamber, where he could just perceive a motionless, undefined form. But, stiff as a statue, Malcolm kept his stand, and the door was immovable. Mr. Crathie gave a second and angrier push, but the youth's corporeal as well as mental equilibrium was hard to upset, and his enemy drew back in mounting fury.

"Get out of there," he cried, "or I'll horsewhip you for a damned blackguard!"

"Whip awa'," said Malcolm, "but in here ye s' no come the nicht."

The factor rushed at him, his heavy whip upheaved, and the same moment found himself, not in the room, but lying on the flower-bed in front of it. Malcolm instantly stepped out, locked the door, put the key in his pocket and turned to assist him. But he was up already, and busy with words unbecoming the mouth of an elder of the kirk.

"Didna I say 'at ye sudna come in, sir? What for wull fowk no tak a tellin'?" expostulated Malcolm.

But the factor was far beyond force of logic or illumination of reason. He raved and swore. "Get out o' my sicht," he cried, "or I'll shot ye like a tyke."

"Gang an' fess yer gun," said Malcolm, "an' gien ye fin' me waitin' for ye, ye can lat at me."

The factor uttered a horrible imprecation on himself if he did not make him pay dearly for his behavior.

"Hoots, sir! Be ashamet o' yersel'. Gang hame to the mistress, an' I s' be up the morn's mornin' for my wages."

"If you set foot on the grounds again I'll set every dog in the place upon you."

Malcolm laughed: "Gien I war to turn the order the ither gait, wad they min' you or me, div ye think, Maister Crathie?"

"Give me that key, and go about your business."

"Na, na, sir! What my lord gae me I s' keep, for a' the factors atween this an' the Lan's En'," returned Malcolm. "An' for lea'in' the place, gien I be nae in your service, Maister Crathie, I'm nae un'er your orders. I'll gang whan it shuits me. An' mair yet: ye s' gang oot o' this first, or I s' gar ye, an' that ye'll see."

It was a violent proceeding, but for a matter of manners he was not going to risk what of her good name poor Lizzy had left: like the books of the Sibyl, that grew in value. He made, however, but one threatening stride toward the factor, when the great man turned and fled.

The moment he was out of sight Malcolm unlocked the door, led Lizzy out, and brought her safely through the tunnel to the sands. Then he turned his face to Scaurnose.

CHAPTER VII.

BLUE PETER.

THE door of Blue Peter's cottage was opened by his sister. Not much at home in the summer, when she carried fish to the country, she was very little absent in the winter, and as there was but one room for all uses, except the closet-bedroom and the garret at the top of the ladder, Malcolm, instead of going in, called to his friend, whom he saw by the fire with Phemy upon his knee, to come out and speak to him.

Blue Peter at once obeyed the summons. "There's naething wrang, I houp, Ma'colm?" he said, as he closed the door behind him.

"Maister Graham wad say," returned Malcolm, "naething ever was wrang but what ye did wrang yersel', or wadna pit richt whan ye had a chance. I hae him nae mair to gang till, Joseph, an' sae I'm come to you. Come doon by, an' i' the scoug o' a rock I'll tell ye a' about it."

"Ye wadna hae the mistress no ken o' 't?" said his friend. "I dinna jist like haein' secrets frae her."

"Ye sall jeedge for yersel', man, an' tell her or no jist as ye like. Only she maun

haud her tongue, or the black dog 'ill hae a' the butter."

"She can haud her tongue like the tae-stane o' a grave," said Peter.

As they spoke, they reached the cliff that hung over the shattered shore. It was a clear, cold night. Snow, the remnants of the last storm, which frost had preserved in every shadowy spot, lay all about them. The sky was clear and full of stars, for the wind that blew cold from the north-west had dispelled the snowy clouds. The waves rushed into countless gulfs and crannies and straits on the ruggedest of shores, and the sounds of waves and wind kept calling like voices from the unseen. By a path seemingly fitter for goats than men they descended halfway to the beach, and under a great projection of rock stood sheltered from the wind. Then Malcolm turned to Joseph Mair—commonly called Blue Peter, because he had been a man-of-war's man—and laying his hand on his arm, said, "Blue Peter, did ever I tell ye a lee?"

"No, never," answered Peter. "What gars ye speir sic a thing?"

"'Cause I want ye to believe me noo, an' it winna be easy."

"I'll believe anything ye tell me—at *can* be believed."

"Weel, I hae come to the knowledge 'at my name's no MacPhail: it's Colonsay. Man, I'm the Markis o' Lossie."

Without a moment's hesitation, without a single stare, Blue Peter pulled off his bonnet and stood bareheaded before the companion of his toils.

"Peter!" cried Malcolm, "dinna brak my hert: put on yer bonnet."

"The Lord o' lords be thankit, my lord!" said Blue Peter: "the puir man has a frien' this day." Then replacing his bonnet, he said, "An' what'll be yer lordship's wull?"

"First an' foremost, Peter, that my best frien', efter my auld daddy and the schule-maister, 's no to turn again' me 'cause I hed a marquis, an' naither piper nor fisher, to my father."

"It's no like it, my lord," returned Blue Peter, "whan the first thing I say is, What wad ye hae o' me? Here I am—no speirin' a question."

"Weel, I wad hae ye hear the story o' 't a'."

"Say on, my lord," said Peter.

But Malcolm was silent for a few moments. "I was thinkin', Peter," he said at last, "whether I cud bide to hear ye say *my lord* to me. Doobtless, as it'll hae to come to that, it wad be better to

grow used till 't while we're thegither, sae 'at whan it maun be it mayna hae the luik o' cheenge intill 't, for cheenge is jist the thing I canna bide. I' the mean time, hooever, we canna gie in till 't, 'cause 't wad set fowk jalosin'. But I wad be obleeged till ye, Peter, gien ye wad say *my lord* whiles whan we're oor lanes, for I wad fain grow sae used till 't 'at I never kent ye said it, for, atween ye an' me, I dinna like it. An' noo I s' tell ye a' 'at I ken."

When he had ended the tale of what had come to his knowledge, and how it had come, and had paused, "Gie's a grup o' yer han', my lord," said Blue Peter, "an' may God haud ye lang in life an' honor to reule over us! Noo, gien ye please, what are ye gauin' to du?"

"Tell ye me, Peter, what ye think I oucht to du."

"That wad tak a heap o' thinkin'," returned the fisherman; "but ae thing seems aboot plain: ye hae no richt to lat yer sister gang exposed to temptations ye cud haud frae her. That's no as ye promised, to be kin' till her. I canna believe that's hoo yer father expeckit o' ye. I ken weel 'at fowk in his poseetion haena the preevleeges o' the like o' hiz: they haena the win', an' the watter, an' whiles a lee shore, to gar them know they are but men, an' sen' them rattlin' at the wicket o' h'aven; but still, I dinna think, by yer ain account—'specially noo 'at I houp he's forgi'en an' latten in—God grant it!—I div *not* think he wad like my Leddy Florimel to be ooner the enfluences o' sic a ane as that Leddy Bellair. Ye maun gang till her: ye hae nae ch'ice, my lord."

"But what am I to du when I div gang?"

"That's what ye hev to gang an' see."

"An' that's what I hae been tellin' mysel', an' what Miss Horn's been tellin' me tu. But it's a gran' thing to get yer ain thoughts corroborat. Ye see I'm feart for wrangin' her for pride, an' bringin' her doon to set mysel' up."

"My lord," said Blue Peter solemnly, "ye ken the life o' puir fisher fowk: ye ken hoo it micht be lichtened sae lang as it laists, an' mony a hole steikit 'at the cauld deith creeps in at the noo. Coont ye them naething, my lord? Coont ye the wull o' Providence, 'at sets ye ower them, naething? What for could the Lord hae gien ye sic an up-bringin' as no markis's son ever hed afore ye, or maybe ever wull hae efter ye, gien it bena 'at ye sud tak them in han' to du yer pairt by them?"

Gien ye forsak' them noo, ye'll be forgettin' him 'at made them an' you, an' the sea, an' the herrin' to be taen intill 't. Gien ye forget them there's nae houp for them, but the same deith 'ill keep on swallowin' at them upo' sea an' shore."

"Ye speyk the trouth, as I hae spoken 't till mysel', Peter. Noo hearken: will ye sail wi' me the nicht for Lon'on toon?"

The fisherman was silent a moment — then answered, "I wull, my lord, but I maun tell my wife."

"Rin, an' fess her here, man, for I'm fleyed at yer sister, honest wuman, an' little Phemy. It wad blaud a' thing gien I was hurried to du something afore I kened what."

"I s' hae her oot in a meenute," said Joseph, and scrambled up the cliff.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VOYAGE.

FOR a few minutes Malcolm stood alone in the dim starlight of winter, looking out on the dusky sea, dark as his own future, into which the wind now blowing behind him would soon begin to carry him. He anticipated its difficulties, but never thought of perils: it was seldom anything oppressed him but the doubt of what he ought to do. This was ever the cold mist that swallowed the airy castles he built, peopled with all the friends and acquaintances of his youth. But the very first step toward action is the death-warrant of doubt, and the tide of Malcolm's being ran higher that night, as he stood thus alone under the stars, than he had ever yet known it run. With all his common sense and the abundance of his philosophy, which the much leisure belonging to certain phases of his life had combined with the slow strength of his intellect to render somewhat long-winded in utterance, there was yet room in Malcolm's bonnet for a bee above the ordinary size, and if it buzzed a little too romantically for the taste of the nineteenth century about disguises, and surprises, and bounty, and plots, and rescues, and such like, something must be pardoned to one whose experience had already been so greatly out of the common, and whose nature was far too childlike and poetic, and developed in far too simple a surrounding of labor and success, difficulty and conquest, danger and deliverance, not to have more than the usual amount of what is called the romantic in its composition.

The buzzing of his bee was for the present interrupted by the return of Blue

Peter with his wife. She threw her arms round Malcolm's neck and burst into tears.

"Hoots, my woman!" said her husband, "what are ye greitin' at?"

"Eh, Peter!" she answered, "I canna help it. It's jist like a deith. He's gauin' to lea' us a', an' gang hame till 's ain, an' I canna bide 'at he sud grow strange-like to hiz 'at hae kened him sae lang."

"It 'll be an ill day," returned Malcolm, "whan I grow strange to ony freen'. I'll hae to gang far doon the laick (*low*) ro'd afore that be poossible. I mayna aye be able to du jist what ye wad like; but lippen ye to me: I s' be fair to ye. An' noo I want Blue Peter to gang wi' me, an' help me to what I hae to du, gien ye hae nae objection to lat him."

"Na, nane hae I. I wad gang mysel' gien I cud be o' ony use," answered Mrs. Mair; "but women are i' the gait whiles."

"Weel, I'll no even say thank ye: I'll be awin' ye that as weel 's the lave. But gien I dinna du weel, it winna be the fau't o' ane or the ither o' you twa freen's. — Noo, Peter, we maun be off."

"No the nicht, surely?" said Mrs. Mair, a little taken by surprise.

"The suner the better, lass," replied her husband. "An' we cudna hae a better win'. Jist rin ye hame an' get some vick-tools thegither, an' come efter hiz to Portlossie."

"But hoo 'll ye get the boat to the water ohn mair han's? I'll need to come mysel', an' fess Jean."

"Na, na: lat Jean sit. There's plenty i' the Seaton to help. We're gauin' to tak' the markis's cutter. She's a heap easier to lainch, an' she 'll sail a heap faster."

"But what'll Maister Crathie say?"

"We maun tak oor chance o' that," answered her husband with a smile of confidence; and he and Malcolm set out for the Seaton, while Mrs. Mair went home to get ready some provisions for the voyage, consisting chiefly of oat-cakes.

The prejudice against Malcolm from his imagined behavior to Lizzy Findlay had by this time, partly through the assurances of Peter, partly through the power of the youth's innocent presence, almost died out, and when the two men reached the Seaton they found plenty of hands ready to help them to launch the little sloop. Malcolm said he was going to take her to Peterhead, and they asked no questions but such as he contrived to answer with truth or to leave unanswered. Once afloat, there was very little to be done, for

she had been laid up in perfect condition, and as soon as Mrs. Mair appeared with her basket, and they had put that, a keg of water, some fishing-lines, and a pan of mussels for bait on board, they were ready to sail, and bade their friends a light good-bye, leaving them to imagine they were gone but for a day or two, probably on some business of Mr. Crathie's.

With the wind from the north-west they soon reached Duff Harbor, where Malcolm went on shore and saw Mr. Soutar. He, with a landsman's prejudices, made strenuous objection to such a mad prank as sailing to London at that time of the year; but in vain. Malcolm saw nothing mad in it, and the lawyer had to admit he ought to know best. He brought on board with him a lad of Peter's acquaintance, and, now fully manned, they set sail again, and by the time the sun appeared were not far from Peterhead.

Malcolm's spirits kept rising as they bowled along over the bright, cold water. He never felt so capable as when at sea. His energies had first been called out in combat with the elements, and hence he always felt strongest, most at home, and surest of himself on the water. Young as he was, however, such had been his training under Mr. Graham that a large part of this elevation of spirit was owing to an unreasoned sense of being there more immediately in the hands of God. Later in life he interpreted the mental condition thus—that of course he was always and in every place equally in God's hands, but that at sea he felt the truth more keenly. Where a man has nothing firm under him, where his life depends on winds invisible and waters unstable, where a single movement may be death, he learns to feel what is at the same time just as true every night he spends asleep in the bed in which generations have slept before him, or any sunny hour he spends walking over ancestral acres.

They put in at Peterhead, purchased a few provisions, and again set sail. And now it seemed to Malcolm that he must soon come to a conclusion as to the steps he must take when he reached London. But, think as he would, he could plan nothing beyond finding out where his sister lived, and going to look at the house and get into it if he might. Nor could his companion help him with any suggestions, and indeed he could not talk much with him because of the presence of Davy, a rough, round-eyed, red-haired young Scot of the dull, invaluable class that can only

do what they are told, but do that to the extent of their faculty.

They knew all the coast as far as the Frith of Forth: after that they had to be more careful. They had no charts on board, nor could have made much use of any. But the wind continued favorable, and the weather cold, bright, and full of life. They spoke many coasters on their way, and received many directions.

Off the Nore they had rough weather, and had to stand off and on for a day and a night, till it moderated. Then they spoke a fishing-boat, took a pilot on board, and were soon in smooth water, wondering more and more as the channel narrowed. They ended their voyage at length below London Bridge in a very jungle of masts.

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON STREETS.

LEAVING Davy to keep the sloop, the two fishermen went on shore. Passing from the narrow precincts of the river, they found themselves at once in the roar of London city. Stunned at first, then excited, then bewildered, then dazed, without any plan to guide their steps, they wandered about until, unused to the hard stones, their feet ached. It was a dull day in March. A keen wind blew round the corners of the streets. They wished themselves at sea again.

"Sic a sicht o' fowk!" said Blue Peter. "It's hard to think," rejoined Malcolm, "what w'y the God 'at made them can luik efter them a' in sic a tumult. But they say even the sheep-dog kens ilk sheep i' the flock 'at's gien him in charge."

"Ay, but ye see," said Blue Peter, "they're mair like a shoal o' herrin' nor a flock o' sheep."

"It's no the num'er o' them 'at plagues me," said Malcolm. "The gran' diffeulty is hoo he can tak ilk ane tak his ain gait an' yet luik efter them a'. But gien he does 't, it stan's to rizzon it maun be in some w'y 'at them 'at's sae luikit efter canna by ony possibeelity un'erstan'."

"That's growth, I'm thinkin'. We maun jist gie up, an' confess there's things abune a' human comprehension."

"Wha kens but that may be 'cause i' their verra natur' they're ower semple for cr'atur's like hiz 'at's made sae mixed-like, an' sees sae little into the hert o' things?"

"Ye're ayont me there," said Blue Peter; and a silence followed.

It was a conversation very unsuitable to

London streets, but then these were raw Scotch fishermen, who had not yet learned how absurd it is to suppose ourselves come from anything greater than ourselves, and had no conception of the liberty it confers on a man to know that he is the child of a protoplasm, or something still more beautifully small.

At length a policeman directed them to a Scotch eating-house, where they fared after their country's fashions, and from the landlady gathered directions by which to guide themselves toward Curzon Street, a certain number in which Mr. Soutar had given Malcolm as Lady Bellair's address.

The door was opened to Malcolm's knock by a slatternly charwoman, who, unable to understand a word he said, would but for its fine frank expression have shut the door in his face. From the expression of hers, however, Malcolm suddenly remembered that he must speak English, and having a plentiful store of the book sort, he at once made himself intelligible in spite of tone and accent. It was, however, only a shifting of the difficulty, for he now found it nearly impossible to understand her. But by repeated questioning and hard listening he learned at last that Lady Bellair had removed her establishment to Lady Lossie's house in Portland Place.

After many curious perplexities, odd blunders, and vain endeavors to understand shop-signs and notices in the windows; after they had again and again imagined themselves back at a place they had left miles away; after many a useless effort to lay hold upon directions given so rapidly that the very sense could not gather the sounds, — they at length stood not in Portland Place, but in front of Westminster Abbey. Inquiring what it was, and finding they could go in, they entered.

For some moments not a word was spoken between them, but when they had walked slowly about halfway up the nave, Malcolm turned and said, "Eh, Peter! sic a blessin'!" and Peter replied: "There canna be muckle o' this i' the warl'." Comparing impressions afterward, Peter said that the moment he stepped in he heard the rush of the tide on the rocks of Scaurnose, and Malcolm declared he felt as if he had stepped out of the world into the regions of eternal silence.

"What a mercy it maun be," he went on, "to mony a cr'atur', in sic a whummle an' a rum'le an' a remish as this Lon'on, to ken 'at there is sic a cave howkit oot o' the din, 'at he can gang intill an' say his prayers intill! Man, Peter! I'm jist

some feared whiles 'at the verra din i' my lugs mayna maist drive the thought o' God oot o' me."

At length they found their way into Regent Street, and leaving its mere assertion behind, reached the stately modesty of Portland Place; and Malcolm was pleased to think the house he sought was one of those he now saw.

It was one of the largest in the place. He would not, however, yield to the temptation to have a good look at it, for fear of attracting attention from its windows and being recognized. They turned, therefore, aside into some of the smaller thoroughfares lying between Portland Place and Great Portland Street; where, searching about, they came upon a decent-looking public-house, and inquired after lodgings. They were directed to a woman in the neighborhood who kept a dingy little curiosity-shop. On payment of a week's rent in advance she allowed them to occupy a small double-bedded room. But Malcolm did not want Peter with him that night: he wished to feel perfectly free; and besides, it was more than desirable that Peter should go and look after the boat and the boy.

Left alone, he fell once more to his hitherto futile scheming. How was he to get near his sister? To the whitest of lies he had insuperable objection, and if he appeared before her with no reason to give, would she not be far too offended with his presumption to retain him in her service? And except he could be near her as a servant he did not see a chance of doing anything for her without disclosing facts which might make all such service as he would most gladly render her impossible, by causing her to hate the very sight of him. Plan after plan rose and passed from his mind rejected, and the only resolution he could come to was to write to Mr. Soutar, to whom he had committed the protection of Kelpie, to send her up by the first smack from Aberdeen. He did so, and wrote also to Miss Horn, telling her where he was: then went out and made his way back to Portland Place.

Night had closed in, and thick vapors hid the moon, but lamps and lighted windows illuminated the wide street. Presently it began to snow, but through the snow and the night went carriages in all directions, with great lamps that turned the flakes into white stars for a moment as they gleamed past. The hoofs of the horses echoed hard from the firm road. Could that house really belong to him? It did, yet he dared not enter it. That

which was dear and precious to him was in the house, and just became of that he could not call it his own. There was less light in it than in any other within his range. He walked up and down the opposite side of the street its whole length some fifty times, but saw no sign of vitality about the house. At length a brougham stopped at the door, and a man got out and knocked. Malcolm instantly crossed, but could not see his face. The door opened, and he entered. The brougham waited. After about a quarter of an hour he came out again, accompanied by two ladies, one of whom he judged by her figure to be Florimel. They all got into the carriage, and Malcolm braced himself for a terrible run. But the coachman drove carefully: the snow lay a few inches deep, and he found no difficulty in keeping near them, following with fleet foot and husbanded breath. They stopped at the doors of a large dark-looking building in a narrow street. He thought it was a church, and wondered, from what he knew of his sister, that she should be going there on a week-night. Nor did the aspect of the entrance-hall, into which he followed them, undeceive him. It was more showy certainly, than the vestibule of any church he had ever been in, but what might not churches be in London? They went up a great flight of stairs—to reach the gallery, as he thought—and still he went after them. When he reached the top they were just vanishing round a curve, and his advance was checked: a man came up to him, said he could not come there, and gruffly requested him to show his ticket.

"I haven't got one. What is this place?" said Malcolm, mouthing his English with Scotch deliberation.

The man gave him a look of contemptuous surprise, and turning to another, who lounged behind him with his hands in his pockets, said, "Tom, here's a gentleman as wants to know where he is: can you tell him?"

The person addressed laughed, and gave Malcolm a queer look.

"Every cock crows on his own midden," said Malcolm, "but if I were on mine I would try to be civil."

"You go down there and pay for a pit-ticket, and you'll soon know where you are, mate," said Tom.

Malcolm went, and after a few inquiries and the outlay of two shillings found himself in the pit of one of the largest of the London theatres.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
NATURAL RELIGION.

VIII.

IF it be true, as was urged in the last of these papers, that it is an incorrect use of words which identifies religion with Christianity, much more with the clerical Christianity of the day, readers may still be disposed to regard the criticism as merely verbal and unimportant, and may be disappointed at the consequences which have been drawn from it. They may say that in papers promising to treat of religion they do not want to find, on the one hand, much about art, introduced on the ground that, defined in a certain way, religion may be thought to include art; and, on the other hand, little about Christianity, on the ground that Christianity is but one form of religion. If Christianity and religion be not identical, they may say, in that case it is Christianity and not religion that is interesting to us; and if there may be religions that have little connection with morality, and others that are even immoral, such religions we do not desire to hear of, and we think it something like a profanation to class them together with that which has in all minds such solemn associations.

Assuredly it is not intended here to question the pre-eminent importance among religions of those which are moral, and among historical religions of Christianity. Of the three forms of religion which we have distinguished—that of visible things, that of humanity, and that of God regarded as the unity of the universe—the second is far more important than the first, and would be just as much more important than the third, unless we could succeed in recognizing in God something answering to humanity; in which case we shall attain, as in Christianity we do attain, to a higher religion than any of these three made by compounding two of them. In any case the most indispensable religion to human beings must be that which influences morality, that which tells man what he ought to do and to be. If I have lingered long upon the notion of a religion which is not moral, it has not been on account of the intrinsic importance of such a religion, but on account of the essential importance to my purpose of distinguishing the notion of a religion from that of a morality. For I have undertaken in these papers to exhibit religion as a thing only accidentally and not necessarily connected with the supernatural, and the great difficulty I have to con-

tend with is to make out any middle term between supernaturalism and mere morality. Listen to one who professes what is called liberal Christianity; he distinguishes between the moral part of Christianity and its supernaturalism. The latter he does not care for, and for his own part does not believe, but he recognizes that it played an important part in giving currency to the moral truths with which it was associated, and is willing to admit that in this respect it may be useful still to uncultivated minds or half-civilized races. But between the morality and the supernaturalism he perceives no third thing distinct from, yet connected with, both, which he can call religion. In this view then natural religion, except as a useless synonym for morality, has no meaning, for religion is actually nothing but morality with supernaturalism super-added to it. It is only morality in the poetical dress in which alone it can gain access to the popular mind. Nor on this point do the orthodox differ from the heterodox. Indeed they reject even more decisively the notion of any religion worthy of the name which does not rest upon supernatural interventions. In these circumstances any one to whom the notion of religion seems as clearly distinguishable from that of morality on the one hand as from that of a supernatural revelation on the other, is obliged to look about for instances in which it appears completely unconnected with both, and such instances accordingly have been dwelt upon in these papers. But they have only thus been dwelt upon in order that when once the *idée mère* of religion had been brought out we might come back to the questions which all find most important, and inquire how a moral religion differs from a morality, and what third thing there is in Christianity between its moral precepts and its supernaturalism. We have found the essence of religion to consist in that which is otherwise described as the higher life. This higher life is recognized wherever men rise a little above the brutes, and the activity of it is worship, or habitual admiration; accordingly the most universal mark of religion is worship.

This being religion in general, if now we inquire what will be the character of a moral religion, and how it will differ from a mere morality, we may be startled to see how widely distant is the conclusion to which this definition leads us from that commonly accepted. In order to estimate

this properly let us consider for a moment the popular view.

Religion, it is popularly said, gives substantial weight to morality by furnishing it with supernatural sanctions. A few elect spirits may have a morality independent of all such sanctions, but in the world at large morality goes along with the belief in rewards and punishments. Just as law would be a mockery if there existed no judges and no prisons, so would morality, which is but an extension of law, be a chimera if there were no heaven and hell, and no God, the judge of all. Now God, heaven, and hell belong to religion and not to morality, and thus religion supplies the basis upon which the morality of societies rests, and that equally whether what it teaches be regarded as actually true or merely as a useful fiction.

Attempts are sometimes made nowadays to ridicule this view of religion, which makes it do duty for the constable, but it is impossible not to remark in history that religion has done this work over and over again, nay, perhaps almost everywhere in the infancy of society. That which is admired and celebrated by poets as the virtue of a primitive, uncorrupted society, has often been a childish belief that wrong-doing would be followed by a famine or a cattle-plague, and that virtue would be rewarded by victory and rich spoils in the next campaign. The antiquities of law lead us back to a time when law merges in religion and when an execution was a sacrifice. Early legislators endeavored to control men's actions by inspiring supernatural terrors which probably they fully shared themselves. The first step in those days towards establishing civil order was to find some oath formidable enough to be binding, and thus in those Ten Words, which even sceptical criticism inclines to ascribe to Moses himself, after the declaration of the existence of the national God, care is taken before proceeding further to assert the sanctity of the oath taken in his name. Nor can it for a moment be said that this legal sort of religion is confined to primitive races and periods. It plays a conspicuous part in the history of Christianity itself. The Christian heaven and hell have been used for purposes of police quite as much assuredly as temporal disasters, the sword, the wild beast, and the pestilence were used by the diviners and prophets of the early worships. We cannot help seeing that the very culminating point of Christianity in literature is Dante's poem, which de-

scribes the whole universe as divided between the dwelling-place of those who are rewarded, those who are corrected, and those who are sacrificed to divine justice. Locke and Paley in modern times have founded morality upon rewards and punishments; Voltaire himself could not, as his more impetuous followers complained, rid his mind of the notion of a *Dieu rémunérateur-vengeur*, that God whom, if he did not exist, it would be necessary to invent; and it has appeared to some historians that when at the beginning Christianity made the conquest of Europe, the great alteration made in men's ways of thinking was practically the belief they had acquired in a future state with heaven and hell.

Those then who use the word religion to signify a doctrine of rewards and punishments may certainly urge that they give it an important meaning, and also a meaning which the history of religion goes far to justify. Such a doctrine has over and over again been closely connected with religious systems, and it has exerted, and does to this day exert, the most powerful influence. What is asserted of it is perhaps not much more than the truth, that moral obligation, as distinguished from legal obligation, can hardly be apprehended by uncultivated minds, unless it is presented in this form. Nevertheless, it is clear that this view of religion is totally different from that which regards it in the manner of these papers as habitual admiration; it is clear also that this last definition satisfies, while the other does not, the requirements of some of the most striking practical and historical examples of religion; and finally it is, I think, tolerably clear that all discussions of religious questions must be useless and unprofitable in which instead of adopting one or other of two definitions which differ so widely from one another, religion is left undefined and understood at random now in one sense and now in the other.

It would assuredly be a very unworthy judgment of the prayers and praises which have been offered up in all religions to the object of worship, to consider them simply as devices for obtaining reward or averting punishment. Often enough, no doubt, they are this, but in the highest religion they are not this, and in almost all religions they are much besides this. The Mohammedan in his addresses to Allah seldom asks for anything, but simply strings together epithets of admiration. St. Francis says expressly, "*Jesu, Jesu, amo te, Nec amo te quod salvas me.*" And in

almost all religions there are features which show that the Deity, if regarded sometimes in the light of a judge, has other characters as well. Such for instance are the various methods by which in different religions the Deity is represented as revealing his will to men, whether visible signs interpreted by the skilled diviner, or dreams, or inspiration miraculous or natural. In other cases where the Deity does appear as dispensing good and evil he is represented as doing so not in the character of a judge who considers solely the merit or demerit of those with whom he deals, but in some other character. Sometimes he protects a particular tribe in which he has an interest against other tribes, sometimes he gives success to this prince purely as a means of punishing that, sometimes instead of punishing the guilty he forgives them, instead of rewarding the just tries them with adversity.

It was Sismondi, I think, who in considering the causes of the demoralization of the modern Italians, gave a principal weight to the influence of Catholicism, which by encouraging the greatest sinners to hope for salvation if they died at peace with the Church, set, as he considered, religion in direct opposition to morality. If this were so it would be vain to argue that it was not really religion but only a corruption of religion which in this instance showed itself to answer so ill to that definition of religion we are considering, for it is impossible to deny that Christianity, so far from being a simple system of rewards and punishments, is in the first instance a system by which the guilty are admitted to forgiveness, and is to that extent unfit to serve as an influence supplementary to the criminal law. All this is sufficient at any rate to show how different, how much wider, are the aims of religion from those which are attributed to it by those who regard it from the special point of view of the politician or guardian of civil order. In fact, it may be said, that this aspect of religion, though important enough, is scarcely ever the aspect which shows itself to religious men, but rather that which strikes the cool observer. The politician sees that there is a *theologia civilis* which may be of great political value, but to the religious man himself religion can hardly appear in this light. To him it is all-important for its own sake, and so far from making it subservient to civil order he is prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice civil order to the interests of religion. He, if he were asked for his definition of religion, and clearly it is he who has the

best right to an opinion, would undoubtedly give one like that which in these papers *εὐκὴν φίλον*; he would call it a life, a higher life, an activity of something which he feels to be the noblest part of his nature, and these phrases examined and stripped of metaphor seem to mean nothing else but habitual admiration or habitual worshipping contemplation of some object.

The difficulty has often been felt of attributing any religious character to a mere belief in future rewards and punishments. It has been remarked that the virtue which is propped up by such a system is a dead virtue and scarcely deserves to be called virtue at all, for that all virtue involves something of self-sacrifice, something of devotion, whereas the doctrine of future punishments literally understood reduces it to a matter of selfish calculation. As to rewards we cannot fail to observe that even the analogy of human institutions fails us here. States punish crime, but they do not reward virtue except in rare and peculiar cases in which, in fact, what is called reward is not so much a token of judicial approbation as an expression of public gratitude; and the attempt to arrange a scale of rewards for virtue by Legions of Honor and the like inventions has usually led to questionable results.

Such difficulties occur to us when we try to regard the doctrine of rewards and punishments as the essential part of religion, which view, nevertheless, because it is the view most natural to politicians, has become the popular one. It is another question whether it is not a part, even an important and necessary part, of religion, whether not civil order but religion itself would not suffer fatally if it were given up. To think of God as unjust would have other consequences besides that of sapping morality and undermining society. The impunity promised to criminals by such a doctrine would not be so mischievous as the degradation of religion itself in its higher sense of worship. God, even thought of as not just, would remain glorious, the object of a rapt intellectual worship. All the more paralyzing, all the more maddening would be the mixture of horror with admiration in our meditations on him. This may be thought a sentimental way of speaking by those who have persuaded themselves that after all by the showing of science God is not just, and who from some illusion which is a survival of the very optimism they reject, cannot bring themselves to think that what is the reality may nevertheless be unendurable. But the old opinion

of Socrates and Aurelius that life is not worth having if God is not just, is echoed by our latest writer on morals, who speaks of such a doctrine as reducing the cosmos of the moral world to chaos; and even if not fatal to human life itself such a doctrine is fatal to religion. For it introduces dismay and despair and a germ of madness into the very heart of our thinking, and religion does not seem possible except upon a basis of inward serenity.

Thus on the one hand it appears that a belief in the justice of God is necessary to religion itself; but on the other hand the notion that religion is, in the first instance, such a belief furnishing a prop to morality appears a kind of afterthought taken up by politicians, the mistaking of a secondary effect of religion for its original object and *raison d'être*. The true relation between religion and morality is not this but another. Morality does not require supernatural sanctions to make it authoritative. We should consider it in these days a mark of low cultivation, if any one avowed that he only kept his engagements from fear of hell-fire. It is with a start of surprise at the change of thought which has taken place in little more than a century that we read Benjamin Franklin's avowal, that the reason why he was guilty in his youth of several base and dishonorable actions—such as breaking a written engagement made to his brother because he knew that it could not be produced against him, forgetting his engagement to his betrothed as soon as he left her neighborhood, etc.—was simply that he had become a sceptic. We are startled to observe that virtue apart from heaven and hell is unintelligible to his mind, and the example teaches us to realize what is now half forgotten, how potent the *theologia civilis* once was, and that not merely among politicians but in the puritanic communities which had given Franklin his education.

But if we abandon this view of the true connection between religion and morality, are we, therefore, to identify them, and regard them as merely different names for the same thing? This, as I have remarked, is the tendency of those who take what are called advanced views. Morality, they think, is the kernel, religion the shell. In other words, religion is the dress of mythology and legend, in which morality comes dressed up. Mythology and legend are, of course, not to be regarded as true; but, on the other hand, to attempt an earnest refutation of them would expose us to the irony of Plato, and even to despise

them would be a proof of a common way of thinking. They are to be prized, and carefully retained as a fund of poetical imagery by which the morality they contain may be commended to the popular, the immature — nay, in hours of dulness, even to the maturest mind. But such phrases, even when most skilfully employed, convey, after all, the notion that the only real thing is morality, and that if the very name of religion were discarded, nothing would be lost but a word.

It is now, therefore, time to apply that conception of religion as regulated admiration, which we have been developing, to the moral department of things, and see whether it will not serve to give definiteness to phrases which at present seem so vague. We may, I think, come to see that religion thus defined is a prop, a most necessary prop, to morality, but in quite another way than the politician supposes. We may understand that the morality which is founded on free admiration is vital and progressive; but that which is not so founded is torpid and conventional.

As we have all along represented art as having its root in religion, and as being of kin to the other manifestations of religion which, as being much more solemn and momentous, have in common parlance confined the name of religion to themselves, it is natural that we should find the history of art illustrating the history of religion at every step. The difference between what is conventional and what is vital can be studied in art just as well as in morals, and it is rather by comparing the way in which the contrast displays itself in both departments than by considering it in each alone that we are likely to ascertain most precisely in what the contrast consists.

Every one knows, then, how subtle, and yet how all-important in works of art is genuine artistic quality. In every art the distinction is felt — and the critic has scarcely anything to do but to point it out — between work that is merely clever or brilliant and work that is really artistic. The difference, every earnest critic protests, is like that between light and darkness, almost like that between right and wrong. It is the "one thing needful," this genuineness; work in which it is found has value; other work has no right to exist, and had better be destroyed. A distinction which affects every single performance of art, naturally appears with the utmost prominence in the history of art. Whole schools, whole periods are found to have lost the inestimable secret, and therefore to have left nothing behind that

has permanent value; other schools and periods, in spite of great faults, are nevertheless found to possess the secret. At times not only is the secret lost, but the very tradition of it is lost too; it is denied that such a secret exists; and the question is argued with great warmth in the critical world.

In such a controversy the watchword of one side is "rules;" that of the other is "nature," or "genius," or "inspiration." Yet those who withstand the appeal to rules, and deny the authority of the rules cited against them, do not, when they are wise, deny that in good works of art certain fixed rules will be found to be observed. But they maintain that rules are liable to continual change, and that only principles are invariable, or, in other words, that genius makes its own rules; or, again, that the only rule is to follow nature. When the causes of this difference of view are examined, it is found that the party of rules take altogether a less exalted view of art than their opponents, that they think of art as a sort of game of skill which is in itself unimportant, but yet which it is idle to profess to play at unless you observe the rules, while the others set no bounds to their estimate of its dignity, and habitually speak of the pursuit of it as a religion, and of skill in it as priesthood or inspiration. This controversy in art is so fundamental that, when the issue is fairly tried, the world is convulsed with it almost as by religious debate. In the eighteenth century it spread through all Europe, and filled decades with its slow progression by the side of the great attack on Christianity. The same man took the lead in both; Voltaire was as much bent on maintaining the dramatic unities and the *bienséances* of literature as he was bent on destroying the Church. In the two controversies he had very opposite fortune. While the Church and the ecclesiastical Christianity of the time seemed almost helpless under his assaults, he saw his artistic opponents constantly gaining upon him. The renown of Shakespeare loomed nearer and nearer, and before he died the word "genius" had been passed in Germany, and "rules" and "unities" had become names of ridicule. Nor did the tide turn. Fifty years after Voltaire's death the opposite principles prevailed in his own country, and it is now felt to be impossible to revive with any real success the names of the poets, so illustrious a century ago, who wrote under the system of rules. "A *dispassionate* judge," said Frederic then, "will acknowledge that the '*Henriade*' is supe-

rior to the poems of Homer;" but Homer is now higher than ever, while the "*Henriade*" is almost as dead as those poems of antiquity which have not come down to us.

Let us turn, now, from what are called the fine arts, from the arts which are concerned with poetry, painting, etc., to life and action, in other words to the art which deals with human conduct. Do we not find the same debate raging here too? nay, do we not find the same debate equally prominent in the history of the subject? Are there not in the department of morals also rules, unities, *bien-séances*, and a party which can see nothing beyond? Is there not here, too, a genius-party, which speaks sometimes of "nature," sometimes of "the heart," and which is distinguished from the other party by a profession of greater earnestness or solemnity in their view of the subject, and by habitually using the word "religion," and with it the whole vocabulary of religion? Only whereas in the case of art the phrases of religion are commonly supposed to be not quite strictly used, but rather with some degree of metaphor, the genius-school in morals use those phrases in the plainest and most literal sense. If, then, we correct this notion in the manner explained before, and say that religion, as spoken of in art, is to be literally understood, but that it refers to a secondary form of religion, viz., what has been called the higher paganism, it will be evident in a moment that another view of the relation of religion to morality, and a view consistent with our definition of religion may be taken, and also that it is a view which gives religion an importance quite as great as any that can be claimed for the *theologia civilis* above described.

According to this view there are two sorts of morality which differ from each other in the same way as, for example, Addison's "Cato" differs from "King Lear;" only that the difference in the former case is as much more momentous than in the latter case, as morals are more important than poetry. The merit of "Cato" consists mainly in the observance of certain rules and decencies—rules of approved critics, decencies of the drawing-room; the merit of "Lear" is a prodigious activity of imaginative and sympathetic contemplation. Poetry, then, it seems, may be of two totally different kinds; it may be produced in a comparatively languid state of the faculties by almost automatic repetition of what has been written by others; it may also appear with strangely new characteristics and only re-

sembling what has been produced before so far as it is poetry, through an intense observation and assimilation of something in nature. To the eye of the true critic the difference between the two sorts is infinite; the latter sort he calls real and precious, the former he passes by with indifference; and yet both are called poetry, both have excited admiration, nay, it was, in this case, the hollow production which was hailed with the loudest approval.

It is just the same with conduct or morality as it is with art. Life may be conducted according to rules similar to the unities of the drama; it may also be conducted on the method of free inspiration, in which case also rules will be observed; but the rules will be different, less stereotyped, adapting themselves more readily to new circumstances, and moreover they will be observed instinctively and not felt as a constraint. And though this latter method may easily be abused, though the inspiration may in particular cases be feigned or forced, though individuals may pervert the method to a loose antinomianism in morals, as in art it has often been made the excuse of formlessness or extravagance; yet it remains the true method, the only one which keeps morality alive and prevents it from becoming a *prim convention*—the only system, in short, under which moral Shakespeares can flourish.

But in what precisely does the difference between the two methods consist? In this, I reply; that in the one morality is founded on religion, and in the other not. The definition which has been given of religion enables us to express the difference in these simple terms, and we can, at the same time, describe the corresponding difference in art in corresponding language, and so bring together under one general formula phenomena of which all must instinctively feel that they are of the same kind. For if religion be that higher life of man which is sustained by admiration, if its essence be worship or some kind of enthusiastic contemplation seeking for expression in outward acts, then we shall say of morality that it is founded on religion if it arise out of enthusiastic contemplation; and in like manner we shall call art religious, if it have a similar origin. Now the point of close resemblance between the genius-school in art and the anti-legal school in morals is precisely this, that both consist of worshippers, both elevate their minds by habitual admiration. Enough has been said of the worship which lies at the root of genuine art. It is not in empty metaphor that the true

artist affects so much the language of religion. The loving devotion with which he traces the forms of nature has all the character, and is attended by all the emotions, of religion; and, historically, this devotion has belonged to a visible religious system which had for centuries its temples and its ceremonies, and commanded its thousands of votaries, for art disengaged itself gradually from the religion of Greece; and when the true artist stands out in contrast to the mere craftsman who makes works of art by rule, he is distinguished by nothing so plainly as by the religious feeling which he mingles with his artistic industry. But let us now consider the religion that lies also at the root of all free morality.

There is, plainly enough, a morality that has no religion at the bottom of it. The morality that simply keeps on the windy side of the law rests on nothing but the plainest common sense. The morality that aims at satisfying the expectation of society, that observes the point of honor of a class, that avoids giving matter for scandal—this again wants no religion. It saves trouble to be as good as your neighbors; every really shrewd person will be moral in this sense of the word; nay, perhaps true prudence would require a man to be in one or two small matters more particular than his neighbors. But with this morality the higher life is not in any way concerned; but only that lower life whose objects are wealth, estimation, prosperity. The higher life begins when something is worshipped, when some object of enthusiastic contemplation is before the soul. When morality rises immediately out of this it is religious, and then only it has real vitality. The fighting of a Czerny George differs from that of a mercenary in this, that the hero has his country present to his mind and his heroic actions are of the nature of sacrifices offered to that object of his religion. And like martial heroism, so every virtue may take two shapes, the one lower and the other higher; for every virtue may spring from calculation, and on the other hand every act of virtue may be a religious act arising out of some worship or devotion of the soul.

But now it is not every religion that prompts to virtuous action, for, as we have said so often, one kind of religion bears fruit in works of art. As virtue can only show itself in our relations to our fellow-men, the religion that leads to virtue must be a religion that worships men. If in God himself we did not believe qualities

analogous to the human to exist, the worship of him would not lead to virtue; the worship of God not as we believe him, but as we see him in nature, would be likely, taken by itself, to lead to pitiless fanaticism.

Thus it is, that of all the great historical religions of the world the two which have been in the most marked degree moral, viz., Christianity and Buddhism, agree in this, that both centre in the worship of a man. The latter, indeed, may be said to begin and end in this worship, for in that system the gods themselves are represented as altogether inferior to the Buddha. In Christianity it is not so; there the man who is worshipped is regarded as revealing the invisible God, and thus the worship of the eternal power in nature is rendered, what of itself it would not be, moral. But we quote these historical religions only by way of illustration; we speak here of religion rather than of religions, and what we would maintain is not merely that the worship of a human ideal may produce virtue, but that all virtue which is genuine and vital springs out of the worship of man in some form. Not only in the person of Christ, or in the lives of Christians, but under other forms, wherever the higher morality shows itself, humanity is worshipped. It is worshipped under the form of country, or of ancestors, or of heroes, or great men, or saints, or virgins, or in individual lives, under the form of a friend, or mother, or wife, or any object of admiration, who, once seized the heart, made all humanity seem sacred, and turned all dealings with men into a religious service. But it is worshipped most of all when, passing by an act of faith beyond all that we can know, we attribute all the perfections of ideal humanity to the power that made and sustains the universe.

Thus we arrive at a new view of the relation between religion and morality quite different from that commonly taken, and yet, it will be found, often confused with and mistaken for it. Let us put the two views side by side.

The one says that religion supplies the greatest sanctions to morality by revealing the rewards and punishments of a future state meted out by omniscient wisdom and justice.

The other says that religion makes morality vital, energetic, and progressive, by creating a *moral spirit*, and that it does this by setting up for admiration or worship ideals of human excellence.

Now these two views agree to a certain extent, and may therefore easily be con-

fused together. For according to both views religion is a popular thing, made for the multitude, and not merely for a few philosophers. The rules and prohibitions of morality, taken by themselves, are cold and ineffective; but the question of heaven and hell all can understand, and in like manner all can be made to understand virtue when it is put before them, living and lovely, as an object of worship. Those who watch the great attempt now making to set up a philosophic creed have often occasion to observe that the creed grows less and less influential in proportion as it becomes more philosophic, and that the only practical result of the effort, when we consider the mass of mankind, is to bring Catholicism back into fashion. But in explaining to themselves the secret of the charm of Catholicism these observers oscillate between different views. "Catholicism is definite, has real dogmas from which it does not flinch; it exalts and satisfies the soul, while the cold and prosaic Protestant or, still more, sceptical systems, leave untouched." This is the language used, but it confuses together two perfectly distinct advantages which Catholicism happens to unite. Catholicism is powerful no doubt because it does not explain away heaven and hell; but its warmth, its poetical charm, have nothing to do with the inflexibility of its dogmas. These are owing to something else. They are the reward of the firmness with which it clings to the true idea of a religion, basing its moral discipline upon true worship, enthusiastic contemplation joined with intimate communion, of ideals of saintly humanity.

But I pass now from the consideration of religion as it ought to be according to the strict definition of the word to the question which most feel so much more interesting, of religion as it has historically been. Christianity itself, to which of the two classes of religion does it more properly belong? Is it a religion of worship, or a religion of rewards and punishments?

Catholicism, I have just said, is both together, and both in a very high degree; this is the secret of its ascendancy, because, with the one aspect, it attracts tender and poetical spirits, and with the other it overawes rude ones. And such in the main was the religion of Dante; the religion of Augustine was not very different. But after all the Christianity of the Roman empire is not necessarily the same as the Christianity which formed itself at the beginning in Palestine. The few creeds which have had the force to subdue for-

eign races have done so commonly at the expense of modifying their own character. The Christianity of Europe is one thing; the Christianity described in the Bible is another. They differ, perhaps, almost as much as the religion of Thibet and Mongolia differs from that which is called by the same name in Ceylon.

Mr. Mill speaks with some sarcasm of those who fancy the Bible is all one book. It is a great mistake to do so; but it is perhaps a still greater mistake to think that it is *not* one book, or that it has no unity. The writings of which it is composed, allowing a few exceptions, agree together and differ from other books in certain characteristics. Certain large matters are always in question, and the action moves forward with a slow evolution, like the *dénouement* of a play, through a thousand years of history. The founder of the Christian Church believed his work to be the completion of the long history of his race, and therefore if we grasp successfully the kernel of the Bible, if we manage to distinguish that with which the Bible from first to last is principally concerned, we shall stand a good chance of distinguishing that which is the substance of Christianity, according to the original intention of its founder.

Now what in the main is the subject of the Bible? Nine people out of ten, reading it with all the prepossession of later Christianity, would say it is the book of heaven and hell, the book which teaches the littleness of this life and the greatness of the life to come. Other books are secular, they tell us about the visible world and our temporal life; the Bible tells us of the other world and of an eternal life. But is this really the account of the Bible that would be given by any one who read it for the first time, and with an unprejudiced mind?

Let us consider. The Bible then contains the history of a tribe that grew into a nation, of its conquest of a particular country, of the institutions that it created for itself, and of its fortunes through several centuries. Through all these centuries we hear nothing of heaven and hell. A divine revelation is said to be given to this nation; but it is a revelation which is silent about a future state. The conspicuous characters of many generations pass before us; to all appearance they do not differ from similar characters in other nations in looking forward more to a state of existence after death. Their hopes are for their descendants, for the future of their country, rather than for themselves;

occasionally they speak as if they actually believed in nothing after death. Then we pass from the historical to the religious writings of this race, the hymns of their temple, the discourses of their prophets. Here, too, for a long time we meet with no clear references to a future state. The imagination of this people apparently does not care to deal with the mysteries of another life. Such pictures of the state of the dead and the rewards and punishments meted out to them as we find in Homer, Plato, Virgil, are entirely absent from the literature of the Hebrews. Not indeed that the belief in rewards and punishments is wanting. The religion of the Bible in its primitive form is like most primitive religions, a *theologia civilis*; nay, it continues so a long time, and no fuller statement of such a civil religion than the Book of Deuteronomy can anywhere be found. But it is to be observed in the first place that the rewards and punishments contemplated are all purely temporal; and in the next place we remark that, as we advance, this view of religion, instead of being more and more clearly announced in the Bible, becomes obscured, and at length seems to be in a manner abandoned. It is admitted that the bad prosper at times, and that the good at times suffer, whether it be for trial of their virtue or to atone for the sins of others.

Later in the book the notion of a future state begins to appear; it creeps in silently, and seems to subsist for a time in the state of an admissible speculation; then in the New Testament it prevails and becomes part of the teaching of the book. But to the end of the Bible there are to be found no heaven and hell such as are put before us in Dante; the writers do not fix their attention as he does upon a future state. A few mysterious affirmations about it suffice them. We find no descriptions, no concentration of the prophetic imagination upon the state of the dead. This is the more to be noted because it is characteristic of the Bible writers both in the New and Old Testaments, that they occupy themselves so much with the future. The future is their study, but *not*—this is almost as true of the New Testament as of the Old—not the future after death. It is a kind of political future that absorbs them, the fall of kingdoms and tyrants, of Babylon, Epiphanes, Nero, and the Roman empire, the future of Jerusalem, the expected return of Christ to reign upon the earth.

The popular notion, then, which makes

the Bible a sort of book of the dead destroys its unity. Isolated passages in the New Testament may be quoted to support it; but the theory is not one which brings together the earlier and later books of the Bible, so as to make them seem parts of the same whole. Only by desperate shifts of interpretation can the Old Testament, on this theory, be made to lead up to the New. To those who think the present life a dream, and the future life alone worth consideration, the Old Testament prophets, wrapped up in their Jerusalem and its future, and careless to all appearance of their own future, can scarcely seem edifying writers, and their religion must seem not merely immature, but founded on a radically wrong principle.

Thus, if religion be made to turn entirely upon a future life, the Bible is not the religious book *par excellence* it is commonly supposed to be. On the other hand, if we take the other view of religion which has been presented in this paper, we shall find that of *this* religion the Bible is the text-book as no other book is or can be. Do we want an idea which shall give unity to the Bible, which shall make Old Testament and New and the separate writings composing both seem—in the main and roughly, for more is not to be expected—to belong together and to make up a great whole? Just as clearly as the idea of a future life is not this, the idea of morality inspired and vivified by religion in the manner above described *is*. It is not the essential character of the Bible itself, but the prepossession of most of its readers and their invincible curiosity about the supernatural, that makes it seem in the first instance a book about the invisible world; the idea that pervades it most from first to last is one which belongs altogether to practical life, and which must seem just as important to the sceptic as to the most believing supernaturalist; it is the idea summed up in an antithesis which takes many forms, the antithesis of letter and spirit, law and grace, works and faith.

When we consider human action, whether theoretically or historically, we are always brought back to this fundamental antithesis. Human action is either mechanical or vital, either automatic or rational. Either it follows custom or reason, either it is guided by rules or by inspiration. In morals as in poetry you must be of the school either of Racine or of Shakespeare. Either you must sedulously observe a number of regulations you do not hope to understand, or you

must move freely towards an end you passionately conceive, at times making new rules for yourself, at times rejecting old ones, and allowing to convention only a kind of provisional or presumptive validity. The greatness of the Bible, its title to be called the book *par excellence* lies in this, that it grasps firmly this fundamental antithesis, expounds and illustrates it exhaustively through a history of a thousand years, and leaves it in the act of revolutionizing the world. It thus becomes the unique epic of human action, the book of dead and living morality.

We associate this controversy of works and faith principally with the name of St. Paul and that last chapter of the Biblical history in which a local creed was generalized, so as to be capable of becoming the religion of the Roman empire. But in reality the fifth act of the drama does not differ from the earlier acts, for the drama is one. That earlier rebellion against the authority of scribes and Pharisees was, from our point of view, another aspect of the same controversy. It was precisely parallel to those transitions in literature or art when the commentatorial spirit is renounced, when free inspiration moves again, the yoke of authority is broken, and new leaders assert their equality or superiority to the most venerated names of the past. The same debate pervades the Old Testament as completely as the New. Everything there centres in the law, everything turns on the way in which it is to be regarded. Is it final? Is it capable of development? Is it to be obeyed blindly, superstitiously? Or is it possible to enter into its spirit and render a liberal obedience to it? Nor is the controversy handled in a one-sided or fanatical spirit. It is recognized not only that the stereotyped letter is valuable, not only that it is to be protected at any sacrifice against foreign admixtures, and guarded with watchful zeal against neglect, but it is also admitted, even by the leading champions of freedom, that there is a period or stage of national life when law is predominant, that the law is a pedagogue, and the like. And thus the transition, in which Ezra takes the lead, is in favor of the most punctilious legality, and a long period follows, in which the commentatorial spirit reigns, and the stream of inspiration runs shallower, until it dries up altogether.

When a great number of treatises in different styles and of different periods are presented to a reader as one book,

nothing is more natural than that he should miss the clue to such a book, and find it difficult to distinguish what is episodic or accidental in it from what belongs to the main subject. Thus some readers of the Bible fix, as we have said, upon its revelations of a future state, and overlook the striking silence about a future state which most of the Biblical books preserve; others fix upon its miracles, though it is easy to quote from the New Testament passages in which the evidence of miracles is spoken of slightly. Sceptics come and deny that the Bible has any unity at all, and no doubt we cannot without assuming a miracle think to discover in the Bible the same degree of unity as in a play of Shakespeare's. Still, even the Greek literature, taken as a whole, has a certain unity, and it was to be expected that the classics of the Jews, a nation so remarkable for the tenacity and the continuity of their national life, should show a good deal more. What we find if we read without prepossession, is precisely what we should expect. We find a history of the nation much more intense and ideal than other histories, in which therefore the fundamental lesson of history is more successfully brought out, in which it is shown how law disciplines those who are subject to it, until, after a long course of generations, there springs up a morality which is free, active, and energetic, because it is founded upon the religion of ideal humanity.

This unity of the Bible has nothing miraculous about it; on the other hand, it is entirely invulnerable by sceptical criticism. Considered as a collection of oracles the Bible is damaged by criticism; but this cannot matter much to those who believe that the express object of the Bible is to emancipate us from the domination of oracles. The influence of the Greek and Latin classics is not now less than it was, perhaps it is even greater; and yet criticism has cancelled some centuries of the history of Greece and Rome as untrustworthy, and has denied the personality of Homer, while the authority of Aristotle has been long since renounced in the schools and in the theatre, new sciences and literatures have sprung up, and the last traces of the Roman empire have disappeared from the systems of Europe. Just as indestructible by criticism or changes of opinion will the influence of the Bible, considered as a collection of classical books, prove; and that which is peculiar to it, and has caused it to be

spoken of as one book rather than many, viz., the unity reigning through a work upon which so many generations labored, gives it a vastness beyond comparison, so that the greatest work of individual literary genius shows by the side of it like some building of human hands beside the Peak of Teneriffe.

It stands there as a fragment, for if the struggle between two sorts of morality which it records be really so fundamental and universal wherever human beings pretend to any morality as we have represented it, evidently the record ought to be continued so as to embrace modern times. It ought to be related how the free morality, after being successfully revealed to the world, became the religion of races which were so far from being ripe for it, that they were but just ready for the legal stage; and how of necessity a new system of Christian legalism arose which reigned for centuries; how, after disciplining a barbarian world, this system, so powerful, though so radically self-contradictory, gave way, and the language of Saint Paul about faith and liberty began to be intelligible again; how the tyranny of a Church gave place to the less intolerable tyranny of a book, while the nations were preparing themselves to take up once again the freedom of those who live not by rules but by religion, the religion of ideal humanity. It ought to be related also how, as we have before pointed out, the other forms of religion, too much kept down by the reigning religion of humanity, have asserted themselves—the higher paganism in the Renaissance, the religion of Deity in philosophy and science.

The historical course of things is never more than a rough approximation to what philosophers think ought to be, nor yet probably, though that is a very different thing, to what really ought to be. The Bible may not be in every particular such a book as a benevolent philosopher would write for a universal text-book of morality, though one may be allowed to suspect that it is infinitely better; ecclesiastical history may be so deeply disappointing, that we may be tempted to exclaim with Goethe, "*Mischmasch von Irrthum und von Gewalt!*" But if it appears that the morality of mankind, to be vigorous, must rest upon religion or the free worship of moral ideals, the world has not been altogether ill-guided in consecrating the book which is devoted to teaching this very doctrine, nor in organizing, however imperfectly, those religious systems in which ideals of humanity are worshipped.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

MR. WOODCOCK'S PROPOSAL, AND ITS SUCCESS.

THE following morning Mr. Woodcock set forth early from his chambers to seek the neighborhood of the eastern station and of the Yorkshire Grey, to make terms with Pleasance, according to what the lawyer conceived of her.

His late conversation with Archie Douglas had by no means increased Mr. Woodcock's inclination to his mission. He had thought of Pleasance at first as of some poor, raw country girl, who would be a terrible thorn in Mrs. Douglas's flesh, a very unfit representative of the mistress of Shardleigh and the protectress of Jane, were Jane's mother to be taken from her before she had won another protector.

But after Mr. Woodcock had left his hansom and was walking down the side street in Shoreditch, he actually forgot what was to come in the realization of the strangeness of the fact that he should be seeking the mistress of Shardleigh in a region like this.

Mr. Woodcock recalled swiftly the fine place which he had always been accustomed to regard with some personal pride in its imposing details. To him they breathed the perfection of repose and quiet dignity—from the extensive park with its old timber to the charm of the winter garden, the architectural pretension of the porch and entrance hall, and the subdued luxury and sunshiny, flower-scented grace of Mrs. Douglas's drawing-room. Now, he was surrounded by what is sometimes well-nigh as repulsive as squalor, particularly if the last be allied to picturesque decay. He was in the centre of common mean ugliness in a city street given over to clerks' and warehousemen's lodgings, and fourth-rate shops, with—as his destination—the Yorkshire Grey, having a heavily-laden, huge carrier's cart blocking up the entrance.

It was not that Mr. Woodcock had not sufficient practice in his calling, and did not know enough of evil and harrowing family secrets, to have sometimes sought the womenkind of his clients in exceptional quarters. But he was brought back to himself by the reflection that this was the strangest place in the world wherein to seek a mistress of Shardleigh.

For a wonder, Pleasance had not yet returned to Saxford. She had stayed on in the city as much from sheer physical prostration, as from the necessity of seeing Clem Blennerhasset and visiting a few sights in order to satisfy Lizzie.

"She would be sure to ask about them, and what should I say if I had done nothing of the kind; or what should I have to talk about to her?" said Pleasance to herself.

Pleasance had become reinstated in the good graces of her hostesses, though, candid as she was naturally, she had told them no more than at the first. Her name was Pleasance Douglas, she had said. Her father and mother were both dead, and her own people were all gone. Yes, she was married, and she indicated the wedding-ring which she wore; but she had not been living with her husband, there had been objections to that. At this point she stopped. She was the kind of woman who, open by instinct, yet when necessity was laid upon her to be silent, not the greatest gossip in Saxford could have pressed her for farther revelation. As for the Toveys, their apprehensions were removed; and they paid her back liberally with family confidences on the death of old Mr. Tovey, and on the perversity of the only son of the house, who had chosen to be a carrier by sea and not by land, and to hail from Gravesend instead of from the Yorkshire Grey.

Pleasance, in her sweet friendliness, found sympathy for those commonplace troubles of commonplace people,—a sympathy which brought her a desirable distraction from her own distress. She gave part of the time, which would otherwise have hung heavily on her hands, to helping Mrs. Tovey with the arrangements of her household napery, and Miss Tovey with her accounts, and to writing out available country recipes for the kitchen of the Yorkshire Grey.

She was prepared to go out, when Mrs. Tovey came to her with an intimation that a gentleman had been in the bar inquiring if there was a Mrs. Douglas—a young woman from the country—staying in the house, for he wished to see her.

Pleasance grew red and white by turns, and sank down on a seat, for her nerves had been shaken by her interview with Archie Douglas. She only recovered when Mrs. Tovey proceeded to say, with a shade of returning suspicion, that the gentleman was not only "quite the gentleman," but was "th't stout and grey-headed" he must be sober-minded and to

be depended on, if there was confidence to be placed in mortal man. Had it been otherwise, Lyddy would have thought twice before she had put him into the parlor, where he was waiting.

Pleasance drew a long sigh of desperate relief and sick disappointment, and rising under the conflict of feelings, went to the parlor. There she saw an elderly gentleman, who had more the easy, well-bred air of Lawyer Lockwood's master, Sir Frederick, than the bluff self-importance of Lawyer Lockwood himself.

Mr. Woodcock, on his part, saw—not a sobbing, giggling village girl—not a miserable creature, fast verging on shamelessness and abandonment—but a fine young woman, struggling for perfect composure. She had a beautiful face, which, in its present gravity of repressed agitation, seemed as if it belonged to a woman older in years than Archie Douglas; and she wore spectacles in aid of her shortsighted grey eyes.

For tawdry finery the young woman had on, as far as Mr. Woodcock could judge, the plainest black gown, jacket, and bonnet; and for pretension she held in her ungloved brown hands a large enough bag to have carried marketings, and a serviceable alpaca umbrella.

Mr. Woodcock rose, bowed, and offered Pleasance a chair with all the flurry of a man roused from one dream and lapsing into another and totally different vision.

Where on earth had Archie Douglas found her? And, having found her, what could have put irreconcilable enmity between them? Was she the greatest deception, the most accomplished hypocrite that the world had seen since the days of Delilah? Was she a village schoolmistress? Was she a decayed gentlewoman? She was not quite like either of the two last. Mrs. Douglas, if not Archie, had spoken distinctly of Archie's wife as belonging to the humblest class of workers with their hands, whom Archie had encountered when he was serving his own apprenticeship to manual labor.

After Mr. Woodcock came to himself, he remarked other anomalies. The young woman had put her umbrella and bag on the table before her, as if she were not ashamed of either of them, though she found them in her way just then. She had sat down neither on the edge, nor on the side of her chair, neither wriggling nor in a heap, but moderately erect, and with her brown hands as if they belonged to her, and were not a special burden upon her mind.

"You have been sent to me by Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh?" she said.

There was a little gasp at the name, else the calm good-breeding would have been complete. The accent was provincial, but the tone and expression were unmistakably those of an educated woman.

"Yes, madam, you have judged correctly," said Mr. Woodcock.

As she listened, a ludicrous association of his "madam" with the rude quizzing sense in which the word had been applied to her by the girls of Saxford, flashed across her mind.

"I am Mr. Douglas's lawyer," and he put down his card before her. He was seeking to assure her of his authority and his interest in the suggestions which he was about to make, as if she were a well-informed woman, capable of calling in question each, as he brought it forward.

She recalled his name, which had been mentioned to her by Archie Douglas in the course of his disclosure of his real position. She remembered every word that he had told her then, as well as all he had said when they were dearest friends and equals. "Yes," she said quickly, "what did he bid you say to me?"

"I have been directed to make such arrangements, as you may approve, for your future comfort and well-being," answered Mr. Woodcock, with caution.

"I do not wish anything," she said, hastily. "I am able and willing to work for myself; I have done it since I was a girl. I should be ashamed if I were not sufficient for my own support," and she smiled slightly.

Here was a clue if Mr. Woodcock could have followed it up. But the single notion that he acquired from it was an odd one. There must be women in the labor-leagues, and they must have educated women for their leaders. Possibly the last were daughters or kinswomen of Chartist demagogues.

He replied, "Pardon me, Mrs. Douglas, you must have regard to your husband in this matter. As he happens to be a gentleman of station and fortune, you must consider what is suitable in his wife, as well as what belongs to your former experience, and what may be your inclinations in a question which does not — though it may seem so — concern yourself alone."

She had never seen the consequences of the announcement of her marriage in this light. But when the point of view was put before her, her ingenuousness and intelligence caused her to perceive at once

that there was something in the argument. She paused disturbed and anxious.

"Would it be regarded as a reflection on him — a discredit to him — if I lived as I have been accustomed to do?" she asked wistfully, with a *naïveté* and a faith in his sincerity, which convinced Mr. Woodcock that, with all her self-command and dignity, and her amount of education, she was but a simple-minded girl after all.

"Certainly; the world would cry shame on any gentleman like Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh, if he suffered his wife, however she had been brought up, and whatever their private differences, to continue to work for her bread."

"But it would be very unjust in the world, supposing it ever came to know and care about it, if it were my own free will and choice to work for my bread," replied Pleasance, clinging desperately to her independence even against her equally strong instinct of justice.

"Madam, the world knows everything," said Mr. Woodcock sententiously. "Nothing is below its notice; and it looks only to appearances, not to the abstract justice of a case." Then he ventured to sound her further. "In view of a probable reconciliation —"

"There can be no reconciliation," Pleasance interrupted him quickly, with a sorrowful steadfastness. She did not tell Mr. Woodcock that Archie Douglas had deceived her, and that in place of taking the deception as a pretty compliment, she had resented it bitterly. In her mind that would have been to expose Archie Douglas's deceit to his friends, and to cast a worse reflection on him than her working for her daily bread should have done.

And calling to mind what Archie Douglas had said to him to the same effect, Mr. Woodcock refrained from his attempt, at once confounded and disheartened.

"What did you think would be best for everybody? What had you proposed?" inquired Pleasance hesitatingly.

"There is only one proposal that can be made," said Mr. Woodcock in reply, "a separate maintenance, and the dowager house at Stone Cross. If you bear in mind that there is already a dowager, and another dowager house, with a life-interest on the estate; and if you have regard to the fact, which you do not seem disposed to forget, that you have brought no fortune to my client" (the words sounded in his own ears like a sneer, but they were not so intended: they were a simple explanation on Mr. Woodcock's part, and Pleas-

ance accepted them for what they were worth), I do not think that the allowance should be other than is moderate and modest, with due regard to the capabilities of the estate."

"Let me tell you," Pleasance interrupted him a second time, "I have a little money of my own. My father left four hundred pounds, and I have my cousin Mrs. Ball's savings of nearly a hundred more." She knew that the little sum was nothing to live upon, but her pride and honesty prompted her to mention it.

The announcement caused a new tangle in Mr. Woodcock's already mazed ideas. At the same time he received it as a melancholy, well-nigh pathetic, proof of her incompetency for her position.

"I was about to suggest that eight hundred or a thousand a year might be a fitting allowance," he said almost gloomily; "you need not spend more than you will want in order to live becomingly—Mrs. Douglas, the squire's mother, has five thousand a year, while Miss Douglas has her separate income, of course."

"It is very different with them," said Pleasance, instantly; "but for me it is hard to spend anything that I have not earned."

"The house down at Stone Cross is an old-fashioned house, furnished suitably, no doubt, but plainly, to meet the requirements of an older and simpler generation," pursued Mr. Woodcock, thinking that he was contending with the oddest difficulty that ever beset a lawyer in accomplishing a settlement. "I believe there are two old servants in it who might form the nucleus of a quiet little establishment."

Pleasance was considering all these obligations thrust upon her. "Shall I be left to myself?" she said with a jealous tone in her voice. "Shall I be away out of reach, and insured against interference and molestation?"

"As for that," he told her, "Stone Cross is three counties removed from Shardleigh," and he added out of his experience, "By your acceptance of a separate maintenance, you not only pledge yourself to dwell apart, and have nothing to do with the life of the family of which you are legally a member; you receive a pledge from them which they are bound in honor to respect, that they will not come near you to call in question what you do. You are, in effect, your own mistress. The income which you derive from the estate is simply your due, from a just claim."

"And will the world be satisfied where

my husband is concerned?" she asked, returning pertinaciously to the great point in her eyes.

"It may be," answered Mr. Woodcock; "for, unfortunately, it is tolerably familiar with far less creditable arrangements."

"Then I shall agree to the maintenance, and go to Stone Cross," said Pleasance in a tone of resignation, as if she were condescending to a compromise, and consenting to a banishment.

Mr. Woodcock took her at her word, and told her that he should draw up a deed which would put her in possession of what had been agreed upon for her use, and which would be ready in a few days. After asking her if she had a lawyer engaged, he advised her to permit him to appoint a gentleman to look after her interest.

She did not see the necessity for an agent on her own account; she was willing to submit entirely to his judgment and trust herself to his good faith, acting as he was for Archie Douglas. But she was docile in this, as in every other particular, after her first concession. Mr. Woodcock had never known a more reasonable woman.

Mr. Woodcock tried to draw his last client into conversation; against this also she entered no protest. She sat and conversed with him on general subjects in her provincial accent, with her occasional quaint, old-fashioned idioms; and he had intellect and taste to perceive that there was a singular charm which blended with and prevailed over all. He asked her if she had seen much of London; she told him that she had only seen St. Paul's, she was keeping Westminster Abbey for another day, and she had been just starting for the Tower when he found her.

"But, my dear young lady," exclaimed the lawyer, thrown off his guard, "you don't mean to say that you are going there alone?"

"I am not a young lady," said Pleasance, "and I am accustomed to go about alone."

"We shall not quarrel about the relative meanings of the term lady," he told her. "I will simply say that, as your husband is a gentleman, and as the wife takes rank from the husband whom she does not repudiate, you *are* a lady."

"You must have patience with me," said Pleasance, with a little piteousness; "I have not been used to any more restraint than what is put on a working-woman. How shall I bear it, even when I am left to impose it on my own discre-

tion? Is it improper for a lady to go abroad by herself, in broad day, to see the Tower and Westminster Abbey?"

"Improper is a strong word," answered the lawyer, "but acts which are not strictly improper may be inexpedient. Allow me to send one of my nieces, with her husband or her brother, to call for you and take you to all you ought to see."

It showed the depth of the impression which Pleasance had made on Mr. Woodcock, that he should be induced to make this proposal, even where the wife of an employer and friend was concerned. Mr. Woodcock's nieces were as much cherished by him as if they had been his daughters — granted that the special niece whom he had in his mind was a married woman, with the privacy of her brougham and the support of her husband at her command, in any difficult or disagreeable task.

But Pleasance had been quick in taking the lesson to herself. Her going out in any fashion, her very presence in town, being what she was in manner, dress, and surroundings, was compromising to her husband. She had meant this morning to make an appointment with Clem Blennerhasset. She had fully intended, even after her conversation with Mr. Woodcock, to go back and bid farewell to Lizzie and Saxford, and all whom she knew there. But in the enlightenment which had come to her, she seemed to see that these would be steps unjustifiable where Archie Douglas's feelings and those of his family, perhaps even where his social interests, were concerned.

What had to be sacrificed had better be done without delay. She was giving up all she had left to care for, her cherished resolution, her pride in her independence, her familiar associations. It would be but to relinquish a little more — the pleasure of seeing again an honest, friendly, boyish face, and learning that Clem at least was realizing his ideal by Archie Douglas's means — the solace of hearing Lizzie cry that she would miss her, and of bidding Lizzie not miss her too much — the consolation of one last look at Anne's grave. She could write to Lizzie and she would forego the rest.

She explained to Mr. Woodcock that on second thoughts she had come to the conclusion she had better see no one, and go nowhere, before she went down to Stone Cross. He applauded the resolution, and took his leave, revolving many marvels in his sagacious mind, and repeating to himself as their refrain, where on earth could

Archie Douglas have found this rustic paragon, and what evil chance had come between them?

In spite of the poverty and obscurity which would have rendered her always, in a sense, an unsuitable wife for the squire of Shardleigh, she might have risen, if ever low-born and humble-nurtured bride rose triumphantly over the accidents of fortune and all superficial advantages, to grace his station. She might have made the honor and happiness of Archie Douglas's life in proving the fine counterpoise to all that was unbalanced and overweighted in him. She might have produced harmony in the man, and harmony in his life; developing in him, under God's providence, the very best of which a character, ominously prodigal in its promise, had been capable.

Mr. Woodcock went back to Archie and said, "Your wife will go to Stone Cross. She will do what is best for you, as I am certain she was willing to do from the beginning."

Archie looked strangely grateful for the implied rebuke, and was particularly gracious to Mr. Woodcock, during the few hours that elapsed, ere he — Archie — departed for Shardleigh. He imagined that he could have borne bravely and cheerfully the nine days' wonder, the comments and criticisms on the proclamation of his marriage, if it had but had a happy result. But burning and smarting as he was under a sense of its failure, and of his insufficiency for its consequences, he did not see why he should continue to face alone the town's talk, the inquiring looks and cool hints which were meeting him on every side.

Mr. Woodcock went next, and had the confidence to sing Pleasance's praises in the ears of Mrs. Douglas. She was one of the finest young women he had ever seen, in any station. He could not comprehend what Archie had been thinking of — not in marrying her, that infatuation might have been easily pardoned, but in contriving to quarrel with her irreconcilably. He feared Archie must be less well-disposed than he had hitherto given him credit for.

Mrs. Douglas listened dubiously, keeping her daughter carefully out of the discussion. She said with a plaintive sigh that it was a sad affair, of course she could not understand it, but she regarded it as a great mercy that it was no worse. It was a distinct comfort and satisfaction to her to hear that Mr. Woodcock thought so well of the poor young woman who bore

Archie's name, and alas! was to bear it thenceforth. Was she so beautiful? That accounted for everything.

In truth Mrs. Douglas, having been a beauty herself, in her day, and being still a woman who was personally charming, felt faintly propitiated by hearing that Archie's wife was a great beauty. At least Mrs. Douglas had not received the culminating injury that an old arrogant beauty and heiress urged against her son, when she alleged that he had put an affront on his mother, and on his own manhood, by conceiving an "unnatural" passion for a poor little girl of foreign extraction, who, in addition to every other offence, was absolutely plain in person. Yet Mrs. Douglas did not fail to reflect sorrowfully to herself, "Is it not grievous and humbling to see how men—even old Woodcock—have their heads turned by a woman's beauty? I am perfectly satisfied that this girl has twisted him round her finger."

"I shall take Mrs. Archie Douglas down to Stone Cross," volunteered Mr. Woodcock.

"Do, it will be so good of you," chimed in Mrs. Douglas. "It will be an act of charity. I shall write myself to old Perry to have everything ready, and to pay the poor young woman proper attention."

CHAPTER XLII.

STONE CROSS AND WILLOW HOUSE.

PLEASANCE tried to appreciate Mr. Woodcock's consideration in taking her down himself to Stone Cross. She strove not to feel that she was a prisoner on parole, who had surrendered to a mitigated form of imprisonment, and whom a friendly jailer was taking the precaution to conduct safely into durance.

Pleasance's natural disposition led her to respond readily to friendly advances. Her original temperament had been gracious, accessible, and full of social fascination. She was forced to admit, against all her preconceived theories, that in less awkward circumstances she would have liked and got on well with the old lawyer, whom she felt by her own delicate instincts to be a gentleman, as much a gentleman as Archie Douglas's mother and sisters were ladies.

Pleasance did not even think that Mr. Woodcock was ashamed of the incongruity of her dress, and of the luggage which he had carried for her, with the first-class carriage into which he handed her, and in which there were other travellers, who looked at Pleasance's common mourning-

gown and shabby travelling-bag, as if she had mistaken her place.

It was hard upon Pleasance—among other difficulties—after she had grown up to a sense of suitability in her plain dress, and had even taken pride in its simplicity, that she should suddenly come to find it out of joint, and full of mortifying discrepancies. But she was bound to comply with the conditions to which she had agreed, and she was thankful that Mr. Woodcock did not mind the jarring discords of the position.

If she had known it, Mr. Woodcock did mind the covert remarks which he and his companion were provoking; but he had enjoyed long practice in keeping his feelings to himself, and was fortified by the knowledge that he was not a principal in the business. Besides, he was able to entertain, from the beginning to the end, a magnanimous admiration of his companion and her behavior in the worst entanglement that was likely to occur from her rusticity and her unacquaintance with ordinary forms. And he derived some satisfaction from the idea that he was breaking to her the change which was to introduce her to a new order of things.

Pleasance tried to take an interest in the broken, wooded country—the more prominent objects in which Mr. Woodcock was ready to point out to her, as they approached the small cathedral town of Stone Cross. The landscape was a little like that in the neighborhood of the Hayes, only less rich and more broken; but the reminder, though not unwelcome, was hardly constituted to render Pleasance more cheerful.

Stone Cross itself was a demure, dignified, miniature town—the social centre of which was the cathedral close, as the architectural centre was the cathedral—not one of the great stately minsters, but a minor copy, yet perfect in its kind and in the faithful, patient labor which had been bestowed on every detail. The very shops were mannerly and slightly sleepy in the fitful spring sunshine. Pleasance knew nothing of such a town and its ways. Her experience of towns was limited to the bustling, boisterous seaport town of Cheam, and to what she had seen of the city of London.

"This is our destination," said Mr. Woodcock, as the cab from the station drew up before a tall, red house, with grey copings. It had an old-fashioned and finely-wrought railing, with a high gate, the railing extending in front, and meeting a lofty, weather-stained wall, which ran

back at the two sides, and made the house stand apart in its own grounds in the centre of the High Street. It was opposite the entrance gates to the cathedral, the grammar school, and the close.

Mr. Woodcock had avoided using the word "home," and Pleasance felt how inappropriate it would have been. She was struck by a certain resemblance which the house bore to a prison or a private asylum. She began to realize how difficult it was for her to feign satisfaction in the prospect before her.

The servant whom Mrs. Douglas had spoken of as "old Perry," and whom Mr. Woodcock greeted as a former acquaintance, had been on the watch for them along with her husband, the gardener. The gate and the front door were thrown open with ostentatious hospitality. Pleasance was invited to walk in, and Mr. Woodcock was deprived of her bag, while he was formally questioned whether there was not more luggage for Perry to look after and carry in.

"Never mind the luggage," said Mr. Woodcock. "Make young Mrs. Douglas comfortable. I hope that you have got fires all over the house, Perry, for the wind is not out of the east yet, and that luncheon is ready for us."

He knew there would be fires, and that luncheon would be ready. He hoped that Perry would see it to be her interest, not less than her duty, to pay regard to her new mistress, who would be more in the servants' power than Mr. Woodcock cared to think of. But he wished to carry off the arrival, in the interest of all concerned, as well as he could manage it.

Mrs. Perry was painfully decorous and conscientious, and Mr. Perry was pompous and crusty, but he was not specially foolish apart from his pomposity; he was a well-disposed man, take him on the right side and avoid any raid on his beds, especially his melon-frames. The Perrys would protect the young woman who was thus suddenly elevated into being their mistress; and they would not take greater advantage of her than was inseparable from fallen human nature.

Mr. Woodcock was totally unaware of the elaborate instructions forwarded to Mrs. Perry by her old mistress—with whose family Perry, in her own person, had been connected before Mrs. Douglas's marriage—and of the impression made on Perry's mind by Mrs. Douglas's letter.

"You must be fatigued, Mrs. Douglas; allow me to do the honors at so informal a meal as luncheon," said Mr. Woodcock,

when Pleasance had been taken away to remove her bonnet, brought back, and ushered into the dining-room. He spoke more for the benefit of Perry than of Pleasance.

"You must have done the honors for me, whether I were fatigued or not, at any meal," said Pleasance, with a shade of impatience in her manner.

The next moment it struck her that her speech was ungrateful, and she made a hasty atonement. "But if this is to be my house, and you are my guest, I think I ought to look after your comfort," she said, and before he could prevent her she got up from her seat, and went round and gave him the wine for which he was at that moment looking—scandalizing Perry and touching Mr. Woodcock.

It was no great solecism, and it was her only one, unless he counted as solecisms her saying "Thank you" to Perry, her mistaking a sherry for a claret glass, and eating tart with a spoon alone, without using her fork as an aid. She did not further deport herself like a South-Sea Islander in the neglect of that little instrument—to teach the use of which had been an important item in the programme of boarding-schools in Mr. Woodcock's younger days. On the contrary, she handled knife, fork, spoon, and table-napkin with the unconscious ease and adroitness of one who had been early accustomed to these supposed attributes of civilized life. Mr. Woodcock had never done speculating and marvelling over his charge, until he was in danger of losing the train.

When he came to say "Good-bye," he shook cordially the hand which his late travelling-companion offered him, and told her emphatically, "Now, Mrs. Douglas, you know that you have a lawyer of your own, who is in your service, to whom you are free to apply at any time. But if there is anything that I can do for you as a friend, I trust that you will do me the honor to write to me, or make Perry write to me. Believe me I should be only too glad to help you."

"I believe you," said Pleasance, with her clear voice, looking at him with her frank eyes. "I am sure that you have sought to be good to me—a stranger who has been, against her will, a trouble to you. Yes, indeed, Mr. Woodcock, that cannot be denied, but I shall pay you back in your own coin. If I want help, I shall seek it first from you, but I do not think I shall want help," and she parted from him, putting a brave face on her desolation.

"I am inclined to agree with the poor thing that she will do the best she can with the fragments which are left her, of what might have been her feast," Mr. Woodcock meditated, waxing poetic under the stress of circumstances on his way back to the train. "And I liked that lad specially for his generosity and tenderness, but I suppose that he is not the squire of Shardleigh, at his age, for nothing. Besides, I could fancy that she is just the woman who, if once outraged on a tender point, would be as implacable to herself as to the chief offender."

Pleasance was more forlorn than she had been at any time in her life since Anne's death. The strangeness of a strange place was about her, in addition to every other loss, and she did not even see the probability of growing reconciled to the strangeness.

These old provincial town houses, belonging to another day and another state of society, might not have been isolated in their youth, when there were many similar houses in every country town — the dwellings of aristocratic colonies who sought no faster town life. The houses might even have been cheerful when they were freely resorted to by squires and squires' dowagers, who flocked to them at certain seasons, or occupied them without thought of, or wish for, change all the year round, and year after year. But in the present generation, when only a few relics remain, and these, for the most part, are given up to tenants of a different class, the exceptional house which retains its original use, is apt to do it at the expense of a stranded, petrified character in which the mouldiness of years can be felt, and the chill of ancient state and gone-by fashion enters into the very bones.

The manor-house was an older house than the Willow House in Stone Cross; but the manor-house had descended into a farmhouse as by the natural course of things. It had taken fresh impressions, and allied itself with new associations. In addition, it was a country house, redolent of the freedom, the bounty, the ever-recurring changes of the country; above all, it was teeming with the animal life of office and yard.

Willow House was very stony, indulging in flagged halls and passages, and in flagged floors to some of the sitting-rooms, and in stone balustrades to the stairs, to an extent that was scarcely warrantable in a house dating back no farther than the reign of Queen Anne. The drab color, not the green-grey or "water of the Nile,"

dear to the hearts of artists, but an unmitigated sandy drab, in which our ancestors, from superior sobriety of taste, or from stricter views of economy, were prone to indulge, prevailed at Willow House. The drawing-room, with its long French windows of a later era than Anne's, was hung with drab, only relieved by a Van Dyck border of black velvet. The room which had been chosen for Pleasance's sleeping-room boasted an extensive four-post bed, also hung with drab. The dining-room walls were painted in a hard drab without any gilding, and the two or three battered pictures — none of them portraits — poor French battle-pieces, good enough for a dowager house, were framed in drab wainscot. The carpets were not drab, but they were almost as sombre in their faded, dingy reds and greens; and the tall mirrors had their tarnished gilding supplemented by black velvet bands in a Venetian fashion, which was at least as funereal as it was quaint. All that had been really curious, interesting, or valuable in the old house in Stone Cross had been removed to Shardleigh.

When Pleasance sought to look out from the long French windows they commanded nothing save a narrow turf walk, that might have suited a set of cowed monks, so thoroughly was it withdrawn from the world, not only by one side of the brick wall, but by a row of willow-trees beyond, which unduly shaded, as well as bestowed a name on, the house. To complete the evil, this damp, dreary walk separated and hid the garden, of which it was a terrace, from all save the upper windows of the house.

Pleasance would willingly have given up a large proportion of her bounds in lofty ceilings and dim corners. She would have been happily rid of the chamber and table etiquette, the burden of made dishes, dinner and dressing bells, down quilts and warming-pans, with which Mrs. Perry, for her own credit, as well as with reference to the directions that she had received, was prepared to overwhelm her. She would have thought them well exchanged for the sights, the sounds, and the familiar salutations of working-life. She pined for the dairy and household work to do, for the yard, and the fields, with horses tramping by, cows lowing to be milked, hens and chickens ever straggling across the threshold. She sighed for the never-ending interruptions and enlivenments, were it only in the shape of the bailiff, old Miles, or Phillis Plum, or Ned, or a messenger from Saxford, coming in to ask for this or that

article, and to stand and hear and tell the day's news.

What should she do in this other life—less life than death, and of the narrow, feeble life of which she was utterly incapable? Should she fade away, or be suffocated under it, or break away from it in spite of her pledge?

Mrs. Perry and her husband were as unlike Pleasance's old allies, as Willow House was unlike the manor-house. The Perrys prided themselves on being what they were in the estimation of the world they had known—model servants.

Mrs. Perry was a little, spare, large-eyed, hollow-cheeked woman, who wore a well-kept black silk gown of an afternoon. Her husband was a tall, lean man, invested, when he was not in his gardener's clothes, in a black suit, and trained to stand at the sideboard as a butler. He was a little less sensible than his wife, and therefore a little less self-controlled. He was overweighted with conceit, and inclined to be irritable when he was contradicted with regard to his own particular charge and its importance.

Both wife and husband approached Pleasance with the utmost civility, and were even irksomely anxious to show her all the attention which they conceived that they were bound to pay. But as to entering into kindly relations of flesh and blood, and holding friendly communication with her, they avoided sternly such a line of conduct as equally detrimental to her and to themselves. They would no more permit than they would presume on familiarities. They would discharge their duty to Pleasance or to Mrs. Archie Douglas.

Pleasance regarded, half-piteously, half-curiously, the Perrys' bows and bows, their proffers of this chair, or that footstool, or wax candle, of this plate of chicken, or that cup of tea, which with their solicitude as to her pleasure in reference to meals were their principal consideration. This appeared to be their substitute for conversation; and Pleasance thought that it was like being condemned to be permanently set aside, and have everything done for her by dumb waiters.

She bore the infliction as part of her ordeal. It wearied her indescribably, and oppressed her, but it did not intimidate her, because she was not a weak woman. If she had to suffer the deprivation—immense in her case—of friends, and have only servants instead, at least there should not be presented the glaring anomaly—common enough in her position—of the servants becoming the masters.

Pleasance had another source of liberty, apart from her unimpaired strength and independence of character, a source which was partly to benefit her, partly to play her a sorry trick.

Mrs. Perry, with all her painstaking and wariness, perhaps because of these excellent qualities which dominated in her till they developed morbidness, had arrived at a distressing yet whimsical misconception of Mrs. Douglas's diplomatic letter.

Mrs. Douglas had written that her son's wife was coming down to reside by herself at Stone Cross. Perry would very probably not have heard of Mr. Douglas's marriage; but he was married, and circumstances had rendered it advisable that Mrs. Archibald Douglas should stay at the Willow House. Of course under the circumstances it was not to be supposed that the lady would care for visiting; therefore Perry was to discourage all attempts which the families in the close and the neighborhood might make to become acquainted with her young mistress. Mrs. Douglas could fully trust Perry to attend to her wishes in this respect; she could also rely on her old servant to take every care of poor Mrs. Archibald Douglas, and pay her all the attention which her peculiar position required.

The letter had fallen upon Perry like a thunderbolt. She had not heard of the young squire's marriage till that moment, although only a few days afterwards a report reached her that Mr. Douglas had been married for months, having contracted a private love-marriage, the discovery of which had driven his mother and sister out of town to take refuge at Shardleigh.

Mrs. Perry was not content with this solution. In her desire to apprehend her instructions, and to prove equal to her task, Perry saw much more than was expressed in Mrs. Douglas's letter, with its solicitous withholding of Pleasance from public notice, and at the same time its relenting recommendation of her to Mrs. Perry's care.

"The young lady—well, she's no longer a person, but a lady to us from this time—has had her head touched by her exaltation. Depend upon it, that is what it is, Perry," said Mrs. Perry, in a confidential discussion with her husband. "It is a awful visitation on Mrs. Douglas, and the young squire; but that is no business of ours. All that we have got to do is to manage the best we can for her. It will be a great additional trouble; but Mrs. Douglas will take that into consideration, and it is in the way of our duty here. I

ain't going to grudge anything that can be expected of me."

"If she is not right in the upper story, I don't half like her getting loose among the garden beds, and them melon-frames, that Willow House has always been famed for, and that I've strove hard to keep up the credit of, for the sake of the family," objected Mr. Perry, taking a practical and professional view of the subject.

"Hold your tongue, Perry," said his wife, who was decidedly the ruling spirit, and who was naturally more unceremonious with her husband than with the farthest removed member of the family. "It is surely more for the honor of the family that young Mrs. Douglas — as she is now, to all intents and purposes — should be looked after, as we'll do it careful and considerate, than that these melons, which you are always going on about, and that can never be equal to their fellows in the forcing-houses in Shardleigh, should flourish."

It will be a great weight on my mind. I wonder now," mused Mrs. Perry, with the lawful intent of lightening the serious obligation, "if a hint dropped about what is really wrong, might not be warranted, just once in a way, to keep people off? There is the dean's lady is very free and easy in who she takes up with, and what she talks about. Her new housekeeper, that is just as thoughtless as her mistress, has been over here, in her lady's name, asking, as if it were my place to answer her, what truth there was in the 'orrid story about our Mr. Douglas. If the story gets wind, as to be sure it will when Mrs. Archie Douglas comes, Miss Mason, in behalf of the dean's lady, will be pushing herself in, unless I can warn her well off the premises, to begin with."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STRATHMORE: MR. WORDSWORTH'S NARRATIVE.

(6 months, 22 days, on a barren rock.)

ON her voyage from London to Otago, N. Z., the "Strathmore" of Dundee, Captain McDonald, struck on one of the rocks of the Twelve Apostles, which are comprised in the Crozet group — a very dangerous set of islands, and not much known about them — July 1st, 1875. There had been no sun taken for several days back, the weather being overcast. The captain expected to see the land, but, I believe, from the southward, instead of which he went to the northward. A little bad steer-

ing on the part of the man at the wheel would have cleared us. The weather was fine, except for the fog, and the ship was "shortened down" to her main top-gallant sail, in order not to pass out of sight of the land before daylight. The accident happened at 3.45 A.M., being quite dark and thick. The man on the look-out reported breakers ahead, and seeing the rocks looming through the mist on the starboard side, shouted to the man at the wheel to put his helm hard a-starboard; but the mate, seeing land on the port bow, ordered the man to port his helm, but all to no purpose. We were right into a bight of a lot of rocks, with breakers all round us; and the unfortunate Strathmore first grated, and then gave three bumps, staving in her bottom. The water rushing into the lower hold, burst open the 'tween-decks; her bows jammed themselves in between two rocks; whilst the after-end of the ship was lower, and was soon swept by seas, tearing up the poop, and completely gutting that end of the ship. The captain thought at first that she might clear herself, and told the man at the wheel not to leave his post — which he did not, bravely standing there waiting for the word to save himself, though the seas were now washing over the poop; and one taking him, with the wheel broken to pieces in his hand, swept him overboard.

I shall now go back a little, and give an account of our own actions — those of my mother and myself. My mother had been very seasick the whole voyage, as well as being ill with a sort of low fever which had hung about her since we had been in the tropics; but the night before the catastrophe, feeling better, we had all of us — i.e., the saloon passengers — been playing cards in the saloon. The captain, either that night or a day or two before, had playfully told my mother that if she did not get better soon, he would land her on the Twelve Apostles. He little thought how soon his words were to come true. We were in bed, of course, when the ship struck. The first bump awoke me; the second told me something was wrong, and I jumped out of bed, for I had guessed the truth. Telling Mr. Keith to light the lamp, I ran to my mother's cabin, and told her and Miss Henderson to dress quickly. I then returned to my own cabin and dressed myself, putting on my warmest clothes and a new pair of Wellington boots. I unlocked my box, and took out of it a little safe, in which was £155 in Bank of England notes, enclosed in a sort of leather pocket-book, and which I put in

the breast-pocket of my coat; also a revolver and a sheath-knife, which afterwards turned out to be invaluable. The latter I put in my belt. The only thing I forgot was a cap; otherwise I was fully equipped for anything that might turn up.

My mother and I then went up on deck, followed by Miss Henderson and her brother. Some of the men were trying to get the port quarter-boat out, and I went to help; but my mother said she would not get into the first boat, as she thought this boat would have all the women packed into it, and very likely I should be separated from her. These quarter-boats could never have been used before, for they were jammed between the bluff of the lifeboat and the mizzen rigging; and what made matters worse was, that the quarter-boats had to be got out first, for there were only three davits for the two boats (the lifeboat and quarter-boats) on each side; but as neither of these quarter-boats could be swung out, the two lifeboats were rendered useless. Seeing that the quarter-boats could not be launched I walked right aft to secure a life-buoy, but she began to "poop" — that is, take seas over aft — and thinking it even too serious a case for life-buoys, for at that time her stern seemed to be sinking, I thought the only chance of safety lay in getting into the lifeboat, cutting the gripes, and trusting to Providence that when the ship went down, as I then supposed her to be doing, the lifeboat would float off clear of the wreck. The lifeboats were placed upon "skids" or beams from side to side of the ship, and about eight or nine feet above the main deck. My mother managed to get into the port lifeboat from the bridge, and not a moment too soon; for Miss Henderson, I think it was, was washed away from her brother and hurled with a scream down to the main deck from the poop and drowned: she was but a few paces behind us. About twenty more were in the boat we were in, waiting our chance, there being a hope of getting off by the merest accident, but we thought our last moment had come. A huge sea swept over the ship, taking everything and every one with it that was not in the rigging or well forward; and lifting up our boat — not dashing it down on the main deck, as might have been expected, but lifting us off the skids — it washed us clean over the starboard side, knocking down on its way a strong rail, the "standard compass," etc., and reached the sea in safety, though a little "stove in." The wonder was the sea did not take us down

into the main deck, for the waves were running almost in a straight line from aft, forward. The boat, when it reached the sea, was still foul of the main brace, and as we thought the ship was going down every moment, we made strenuous efforts to get clear. We spent a miserable time of it till daylight, dodging about in the darkness and fog, trying to keep clear of the rocks, breakers, and large quantities of seaweed, and yet keep near land. Half of us were engaged in baling, we being up to our middle almost in water; but we might have saved ourselves the trouble, for the water neither decreased nor increased, the air-tight tanks keeping her afloat. The rest that were able pulled at the oars.

It was this night I lost my £155. I had taken my coat off to pull an oar, and it was then I think I lost it; for most likely it dropped out of my pocket and was baled overboard during the night, for I never saw it again, and the list of the numbers of the notes I had left on board. At last morning came, but with it fog, and we were very nearly losing land altogether. We had just made up our minds to run off before the wind and give all our energies to baling out the boat, when the fog lifted, and we saw the big rocks looming up; so we put on a spurt and got close inshore, and looked out for a landing-place, which was not easily found, the rocks rising perpendicularly out of the sea. We had not been long pulling when we sighted the gig, with Mr. Peters, our second mate, in it. We gave him a hearty cheer, and he towed us to the only landing-place on the island, which was a ledge on the face of the perpendicular rock, and to reach which a man had to watch his chance when the swell took the boat up, catch hold of parts of the rock, and haul himself up a height of about twelve feet from the sea. We all then that were not going back to the wreck got on shore, pulling ourselves up by the "painter" of the boat. My mother was hoisted up in a "bowline," a knot she now firmly believes in. We sat huddled together on a ledge of rock, wet, cold, hungry, and miserable. Some lit a fire, and others got birds — sea-fowl, young albatross, etc. — which were on the island, and cooked them; and to us starving creatures they tasted well. In the mean time, the gig and dingey, which the others had launched from the wreck, made trips out and from the ship to take the survivors off, though we did not manage them all that day, but were two days picking the half-frozen wretches from the rigging or

yards, they having to drop from the yards into the water, as the boat could not get near on account of the heavy sea. When every one was got from the wreck, the boats made excursions to the site of the wreck—it having gone down in deep water the night after the last of the survivors had been taken off—and picked up what they could. As far as I remember, the following were what we got: some Keiller's confection-tins, which we afterwards used for cooking in; some cases of spirits and a cask of port; some bottles of pickles, a few blankets, spoons, and forks, two kegs of gunpowder, two parasols, a small cleaver, a bucket or two, one tin of preserved meat, some wood, and a few odds and ends thrown off the forecandle-head. With the help of these riches, we managed nearly seven months. It came on to blow hard the same night, and we lost our boats, as there was no means of hauling them on shore anywhere; and though some might think the boats could have been saved by people keeping in them, yet how could any of us manage to keep them safe, broken up and leaky as the boats were, even if we had gone to the lee side of the island, and kept pulling in shore against a terrible gale for two or three days, exhausted for want of food, wet, and most likely frozen? It could not have been kept up for two hours. We saw the boats afterwards on the other side of the island still attached to each other by their painters, but smashed and bottom up, they having been driven by the gale through a tunnel that ran underneath the island, and caught for a time in some seaweed a mile or so off the land; and we had the mortification to see them drift out to sea without the possibility of saving them.

The first night ashore was dreadful; we lay exposed on the rocks, huddled together for warmth, the rain pouring down and chilling us to the marrow. We got the covers off the gig and dingey, and made a sort of tent, which came down during the night and made matters worse. My mother, in consideration of her sex, had some planks to lie upon, but she was wofully crushed, and her legs nearly broken, by people crowding in under the canvas. Though greatly fatigued, few of us slept, and during the night a man named Mellor died from fright and exhaustion. For the next night or two my mother and myself, with one or two others, slept in a sort of open cave, or rather overhanging ledge of rock, a little higher up than we were before; and though the frost lay on

our blankets, and the icicles over our heads, yet it was pleasant to what the other place had been. We stayed there about a couple of nights, until another shanty, by no means water-tight, had been built. About thirty odd of us crammed in here, lying in tiers on and between each other's legs; and it was not for months after that this horrid crowding was remedied by building other shanties.

From the "Strathmore" forty were drowned and forty-nine got ashore, my mother being the only woman saved, and Walter Walker, son of one of our cabin passengers, the only child. My mother and Walter got what was supposed to be the best corner of this delightful place. From the damp and frost many of us had sore and frost-bitten feet, and one poor fellow called Stanbury was so bad that lockjaw set in. Before he died his feet were in a horrible state of corruption, and the odor from them and from the other bad feet was most offensive. After death we buried his body as soon as we could, digging the grave with sticks.

When we had explored the island we found it to be about a mile and a half long, and a good part of that was rocks and stones, the rest being covered with a long, coarse grass. There was no firewood on the island, but we had lots of splendid water. At this time the food we lived upon was young and old albatross; the young ones gave more eating than the old, being large, heavy birds, with a beautiful white down upon them about three inches long. They sat in nests built in the grass about a foot from the ground, one young one in each nest. Another bird that we lived upon was what we called "molly-hawk," but which we afterwards found out to be "stinkpots," a carrion bird. They were large, heavily-built birds, with fierce, strong beaks. I remember getting a bite from one that hurt through a pair of Wellington boots, trousers, and drawers. They seemed to stay on the island all night, and we caught them by chasing them into rough ground, or into gullies, where they could not easily get on the wing, and killed them with wooden clubs. They would face you when brought to bay; the albatross seldom did. We used to see these stinkpots feeding on floating substances in the water, very likely the bodies of our unfortunate shipmates, but that did not deter us from eating them, even half cooked as they sometimes were; the very thought of that food now almost sickens me. I am sure that nothing in the shape of herbs that grew on the island

was poisonous, but our favorite vegetable was a sort of moss with a long spreading root. On a cold morning you might have seen us scraping the snow off the ground, and tearing up the root with our benumbed fingers, often too hungry to take the whole of the soil off the root, eating everything ravenously, dirt and all. The birds were boiled in confectionery-tins, after being skinned and cut up, and as long as the pickles lasted they were minced and put into the water the meat had been boiled in, which made a very tolerable soup. Being winter-time we had not long days, but about fifteen hours' darkness, which we spent lying in our hovel, forgetting our miseries in sleep if possible; for though we had the most vivid dreams of home, etc., and things to eat, yet there was always a feeling in the background which dispelled a good deal the pleasure of the dream—at least that was my case; but still I looked forward to my dreams.

About a dozen of the men built a shanty a little higher up than ours, and a sailor called "Black Jack" ruled it—and a capital ruler he made too. When my mother came on shore first she was wet through, and nearly starved with cold; but she soon got a rig-out of a semi-masculine description. One of the sailors took the shirt off his back and gave her it: she put on also a pair of trousers and drawers, a pair of stockings and an overcoat, and various odds and ends, all the contributions of the sailors; a handkerchief, an old straw mattress, and a coverlet completed her appointments, together with a flannel petticoat picked up, which afterwards did good service as a door in our little shanty that we afterwards lived in for some months. The coarse, rank flesh which was our continual food soon disagreed with her, and she got very ill with a sort of low fever, and a dreadful bowel complaint, which reduced her to a perfect skeleton, and made her so weak that I had to turn her in the night when a change of position was needed. Although my mother was very subject to rheumatism, yet while on the island, exposed to wet and cold, she never was troubled with it. Our clothes, such as they were, were seldom quite dry; and to say that our sleeping-places were damp, would be a mild expression; we often lay in downright slush, composed of wet grass and dirt, with the rain coming down on our faces. My mother, it is true, had a mattress, but that was sodden and rotten with the moisture, and, from its clammy and wet feeling, was most disagreeable to touch. That

we were impervious to cold, was due to the ammonia in the guano. Most of us suffered a good deal from diarrhoea and dysentery, and the wine and spirits we saved were invaluable. We had used them very economically, a small salt-cellar full of wine or spirits-and-water being served out every night till finished, except a bottle of rum and one of wine, which were buried for the use of the sick. Mr. Walker's child, Watty, suffered dreadfully: he was a lively little child, and talked on board the ship, but nothing but moans and whimperings could now be got out of him, and his little body was covered a good deal with sores; he seemed to have shrivelled up—his knees drawn up to his chin, his bony shoulders up to his ears, and about the size and weight of a lean turkey. Besides the dread of being compelled to stop long on the island, our fuel was nearly finished, and we were contemplating the prospect of eating the meat raw. I ate two small birds raw, and a piece of another, by way of accustoming myself to it, but ugh! it was bad. If it had come to our being obliged to eat the meat raw, I had arranged a dish for my mother of minced liver, heart, and "greens" (the moss that I have mentioned), seasoned with gunpowder as a substitute for salt; of that article we had none, and were obliged to put salt water in our soup to give it a taste. Afterwards when we cooked in stones, and had lots of burning material, some of us used to make salt; but it took such a time for the salt water to evaporate, and so small were the results that ensued, that none of us kept this up regularly. I think I was the first to make salt on the island. Another dish I often got ready for my mother, when she could not eat the flesh, was the brains taken out of the birds' heads and fried. That was considered one of our delicacies; and was also one of the inventions of my culinary genius.

At last the firewood was finished, except a few sticks, which were used for killing our birds. Efforts had been made to keep up a fire with a kind of turf found on the island, but it would merely smoulder slowly, and that only when there was a strong draught; when luckily somebody threw a skin on this kind of fire, and to the delight of everybody it burnt pretty well. So here was this difficulty bridged over, and we should not want fire as long as we could get birds; then to save matches, of which we had only half a boxful of Bryant and May's safeties, we scraped the fat off the skins, melted it down into oil, made a

sort of lamp out of a piece of tin, and a wick out of the cotton padding in coats, etc., and burnt it whenever the fire was put out. Though the lamp sometimes went out, the upper shanty would most likely have a light, so we got it rekindled without reducing the stock of our precious matches. An ordinary housewife would be rather puzzled to keep up a fire with bird-skins — it requires experience.

We had been about a month on the island when the mollyhawks commenced to lay, and there was great rivalry between the two shanties to get the eggs, one striving to steal a march on the other by getting up before daylight, which was very cold work, having to grope our way in the dim light of the moon or breaking daylight over the frozen ground, with mere apologies for shoes, generally struggling against a high wind, for it was nearly always blowing a gale in that bleak quarter of the world, with snow, hail, and rain to make it worse, and our inner man very indifferently replenished; but the eggs were good and saved my mother's life, for at that time a few monthfuls of the soup we made was all that she could take of the former food. There was never a time when she was at her worst, but that something turned up just in time to save her.

Aug. 31st, every one was startled by the cry of "Sail ho!" and immediately we were in the highest state of excitement and hope; but it was a great deal too far off for them to see us, or we to signal them. Poor Mr. Henderson, who had been ill and low-spirited since we landed, got worse. I dare say the raised hopes that had so suddenly come and gone with the ship, were too much for him in his enfeebled state, and he died Sept. 2d. His body was mere skin and bone. He had been ill with a never-ceasing diarrhœa which nothing could stop. On account of the severe frost and bad weather we could not bury him for two or three days. His limbs up to the last were quite supple, and that was the case with all those who died after having been any time on the island. We seldom could clean ourselves; the dirt was too fast on us to allow of water alone taking it off, and the weather was so bitterly cold that we could only dabble a very little in it. But we had a mode of cleaning our faces a little by means of bird's skin, rubbing ourselves with the greasy side first, thereby softening the dirt, and afterwards rubbing that off with the feathery side. Our clothes were black with smoke and very filthy, and we were

crawling with vermin, which we could not get rid of. There was little of the birds that we did not find a use for; even the entrails were roasted and eaten, and the large guts we stuffed with chopped-up meat, and tried to imagine them sausages; but there was no such thing as anything with a taste on the island, except the soup when plenty of salt water was put in it.

We got very hard up for anything to eat at one time; one day there were only one or two mollyhawks for our last meal, and Black Jack's tent had had nothing to eat all day. We were very weak and low-spirited. I felt as if all the moisture in my joints was dried up, and I fancied I could almost hear them creak as I dragged myself along. It was with a heavy heart I went out to hunt, and instead of climbing up the hills, I went down by the side of the island, where I remembered to have seen a large quantity of nests, built of mud, smooth and round, about a foot from the ground, looking at a distance like the turrets of a small castle. Down the rocks I went, and saw, to my great delight, a quantity of beautiful white birds. We named them the "Freemasons," but we afterwards discovered their real name was mollyhawk. I killed about fourteen of these, as they let me come quite close to them, when I knocked them down with a club. They even flopped down among my feet. I carried about half of my prize down to the tent, and great was every one's delight and astonishment at the increase of our larder. Many of the others went out, and killed about a hundred in all. Such a feast of tails we had then! That appendage was cut off close to the back, the long feathers pulled out, and being burnt for a time in the fire, was considered a great delicacy, and one of the perquisites of the hunter. About this time, seven or eight who had been engaged building a shanty for themselves removed to it, thereby leaving us a little more room. Our larder being always supplied with the new birds, we began to look about us more, and shanty No. 4 was started; also another great and *real* delicacy came in about this time — viz., the "mutton-birds." We found the young, but never, I think, the old ones, who seemed most mysterious birds. Their nests were under the ground, and to find them we had to stamp about till we discovered a hollow place, our feet very often going right through the surface into their nests, when we had only to put in our hand and pull out our treasure. They had a delightful flavor, and were covered with

beautiful fat. We also had whale-birds, divers,* and what we called "the whistlers," from the noise they made. All these smaller birds lived in burrows underground, something after the manner of the mutton-bird. The whale-bird laid, I think, two eggs of a delicate pale color: the little diver's egg was noted for its size compared to its own bulk. We were visited also in great numbers by a ferocious brown hawk; they were most audacious birds, and if their nests were interfered with, they attacked with vehemence the trespassers. The underground residents, whale-birds and divers especially, were wofully preyed upon by these hawks; the latter would stand patiently for hours near their burrows, like keen terrier dogs watching a rat-hole, ready to pounce upon the unwary who ventured from their fortresses.

The weather was now getting rather less severe, but we could only recollect three fine days all the time we were there, and we always had to pay dearly for them. Another shanty was being built, and I was promised a very small old one for my mother and myself, which a third-class passenger had previously built, and had kindly offered us. On a cold, stormy day, September 13, a vessel, a full-rigged ship, under reefed topsails, as far as we could make out, came between Hogs Island and ours, then, running close along our island, kept away to the east. I was in what was called the Skinning Cave, and saw the ship and gave the alarm first. Away went some of us, as hard as we could run, with blankets and counterpanes to the flagstaff, our black figures showing well against the snow-covered hill, so that I believe they could not have helped seeing us. The blanket-flag was up in a very short time, and the ship, when she had got past the end of the island, came into the wind, I believe, for previously she had been running with the wind aft, and we all thought that she had seen us, and was going to stay for us till finer weather came to take us off, when a squall of snow came on and hid her from view. She had gone off a little in the squall, but some of the men said she was still "hove to." She had not increased her distance much, but eventually she took to her heels. Of course it was a great disappointment, but we expected when in port she would report us, and hope kept us up for about a couple of

months. But no; we never heard anything more of her. Now I am sure she saw us, and to desert us thus was abominable. She was near enough to let us see her topmast and top-gallant and rigging; and when we could see all that, how could she not see our black figures and a large blanket and counterpane flying against a clear sky? Except during the squall the air was beautifully clear, and they must have had glasses, which we had not. Mr. Peters has the date of this ship's appearance, and I should like to find out her name.

About the end of September the penguins first made their appearance. They are a most remarkable set of birds, if we may call them so; for they have no wings, but just flippers, and their coats look more like fur than feathers; in fact I think them not unlike seals. It was very amusing to watch them making their nests: one would go to a little distance and pick up in its bill, with great ado, a small stone, and carry it with immense dignity to its mate, when they carefully arranged it in some mysterious way, shaking their heads and gobbling over it; then turned up their faces towards the sky and waved their flippers, as if asking a blessing on their labor or making incantations. A few stones thus got together constituted their nests: a single blade of grass or two I have seen treated in the same manner; but I never heard of them or saw them build in the grass, but always on stony places, often great heights above the sea.

The tracks that the penguins made through the grass wound up round the edges of cliffs; they were narrow and stony, and had the appearance of having been worn down to their present condition, through the soil and grass, by the tread of countless penguins seeking every year their favorite resorts, which must have been their choice for ages. Some of these paths in places were very steep; and really, to look at the rocks they managed to climb up, you would think they would require a ladder.

They made great fuss over their courting, and woe betide any unfortunate hen who dared to be frivolous, leaving its own nest to go a short walk; for no sooner was it noticed, than all the neighbors raised a cry of anger and horror, and prepared to give the delinquent an unmerciful pecking as it wended its way through the thick ranks of its comrades. If it returned to its lord and master, the tune was immediately changed from discordant howls and croaks to a more musical tone of thanks-

* Some of these names may have been applied to wrong birds, but they were what we believed them to be; if we knew nothing at all of a bird, we invented a name.

giving and rejoicing. I have seen in books of natural history that penguins lay only one egg; now our penguins laid three. The first was the smallest, and of a light-green color; the others whiter and larger, especially the last one. They all had strong rough shells, which, when the eggs were nearly hatched, had been worn by constant friction on the stones smooth and thin, easy for the young ones to break through. The position of the bird when "sitting" is upright, or very nearly so. The yolk of these eggs boiled hard before the white, the latter looking like arrowroot when quite boiled, and also tasting not unlike it; but our palates were perhaps not to be depended upon after living so long on coarse, fishy food. I noticed that the penguins always turned their backs to a squall, whilst the other birds — albatross, etc., — always faced it. Being always amongst the penguins, their habits were of great interest to us, and their noises my mother used to fancy resembled nearly all the sounds of the farmyard. A lot of them cawing at a distance seemed like the lowing of a cow; there was the cackling of ducks, the hissing of geese, the gobbling of turkeys, and even the noise of a donkey braying, to be distinguished amongst the babel of tongues.

When the penguins had been sitting some weeks on their eggs, a visible decrease in their numbers was noticed, and we thought at first that they were leaving us entirely; but the hens were left on the island, looking very lean and careworn, whilst the cocks went to sea. This was the first time we had seen any of the regular householders leave their homes, even for food, since their arrival on the island; and whilst on shore they were never seen to eat anything. However, I think in a week or so the cocks came back, and very fat, there being about an inch thick of fat on their skins, which was very precious to us. Most of them, too, had their paunches full of a sort of food which did not look unlike a linseed-meal poultice; this was for their young, which were either hatched, or very nearly so. The hens, when relieved by the cocks, then left for their holiday; but I do not think that they stayed so long away nor came back fat like their mates. After that, there was a constant traffic of penguins going down and returning from the sea.

The long lines of travelling penguins, meeting each other on their narrow tracks to the sea, seemed to be very particular about keeping their own side of the street. The homeward-bound ones, with their full

paunches, laboriously climbing up the steep paths, and their funny little short legs, white bosoms, and black, extended flippers, looked like fat old gentlemen in white waistcoats; and one could almost fancy that you could hear them puffing and blowing with their hard work.

Whether the penguins who had been out to sea always came back to their old mates, who had been left behind, or not, I would be afraid to say. Yet I think sometimes they did; but their numbers were so great, and they were so much alike, it would be impossible to decide.

We used to see great flocks of young penguins congregated together under the care apparently only of one couple. These young ones were very tender eating, but, except when very young, of rather a rank flavor. The penguins are plucky creatures; and I have even seen a weak, soft-looking youngster stand up manfully for itself against a fierce hawk.

The albatross were very majestic and graceful in their movements. We used to see them, when pairing, bending and bowing to each other like courtiers in the olden time dancing a minuet; but their voices were not equal to their appearance, sounding like a bad imitation of a donkey braying. At one time, when they were sitting on their eggs, we had, I daresay, about a couple of hundreds or more of the beautiful creatures scattered over the grassy parts of our island. They lay but one egg, and it is scarcely so large as you might expect from the size of the bird: it is white, with pinkish spots on the broad end.

I had almost forgotten to mention the real owners of the soil: the only unwebbed-footed birds on the island, and constant residents, were what we called "little white thieves," "white pigeons," or "white crows." They possessed many of the qualities of our jackdaw, being very inquisitive and mischievous, hardy, and not to be daunted by trifles. Their build was stronger and more compact than that of a pigeon, but they were about the same size. I do not think they were powerful flyers. Their feet and beak were black, the latter having a sort of wart on it about the nostril, larger in the male than in the female; whilst their plumage was pure white. Their eggs were dark and speckled. These little "thieves," when the penguins were on the island, never ceased watching them and their eggs. They would sit on a stone which gave them a commanding position over the multitude beneath, and wait for a chance of stealing an egg, and

they had a very knowing way of bending down and putting their head on one side to see under the penguin's tail. When a chance of robbing presented itself, they descended from their elevated position, fearlessly hopping amongst the crowded penguins, evading adroitly the pecks aimed at them, stuck their beak into the egg, and, if they had not time to enjoy it there, would open their beak whilst inserted therein, and lifting it in this way, would fly to their holes in the banks or rocks and demolish their cleverly-earned meal at their leisure. One of our men tells a story of one of these "white thieves," who, tired of an unprofitable vigil, had the audacity to come quietly up behind a penguin sitting on its egg and impertinently peck its tail (a great insult); and when the penguin got up to resent the injury, the little rascal dabbed its beak into the egg and carried it off. *Apropos* of their hardihood, an American sailor relates the following anecdote; but I daresay it requires to be swallowed *cum grano salis*. He had killed one of the birds, as he thought, and had sat down to pluck it warm; he had done so all but the wings, and had taken out his knife to cut the latter off, when away the bird fluttered minus the body feathers. Their chirrup sounded like "Quick, quick!" which seemed to be their motto.

Some more of the men left the lower shanty, and my mother and I got installed in our new abode. It was high up on the hill at the other side, on one of these stony places frequented by the penguins. We had to force our way through a dense cloud of these to reach our hole, which we called Penguin Cottage. The height inside was about four feet in the highest place, length rather less than four feet, and a sort of shelf on the rock which we used as a bed-place about three feet wide and five in length. The bottom of this bed we called the "well," for the damp was so great that our coverlet would get as wet as if dipped in muddy water; consequently we kept our legs curled up, which took away from the width. When both were in the shanty, one often retired to bed to make more room, we were so crushed; besides, one side not being water-tight was too wet to sit down near, and we had to crouch under the rock to keep out of the rain. The wall was about four feet wide, built of sods; but not having a spade, tearing up these sods with our hands made them very uneven, and gave lots of channels for rain to find its way through. In the wall of our little shanty there was a whale-bird's nest. They were very quiet;

but before rain they cooed and moaned in the most plaintive and musical tones, and after that you never had to wait long for wet weather. Of course I plastered up these places with mud as well as I could, but to little purpose. Our cave was made by building a turf wall against a slanting piece of rough rock. We managed to have a fire as there were lots of penguins, though we were not very good at keeping it alight till we got accustomed to it. The way we managed was this: at night before the fire was quite out, I put in a piece of dry turf, which kept a spark in, or got red-hot through, and lasted, if a good piece, till morning. I then put dry grass or shavings from the mattress and blew it till it caught, or helped it with gunpowder, then hung strips of fat skin over the flame, thereby making a good fire. The fire once lit I put on the stone pot and prepared breakfast. A list of our furniture and effects might be interesting: a very small mattress of dirty shavings, a counterpane, a table-spoon (plated), a teaspoon (real), a fork, two bottles (great treasures), a small piece of tin made into a frying-pan, about six inches long and one in depth; a stone lamp, two stone frying-pans, in which we cooked all our meat; a fireplace, two or three umbrella-wires, which were used for pokers, or bars to rest the tin pan on. The most valuable articles in the cabin were my club and knife: the latter was simply invaluable — no money would have bought it; without it I could not have kept up an independent shanty, and upon it and my club depended every necessary of life. Another useful article was a needle made from the wire of an umbrella. The thread we used was unravell'd worsted. I also had my revolver, and some precious rags I could make "touch" of, with the help of gunpowder. I had quantities of oil got from the fat of the penguins put in the large gut of the other sea-birds, also in what we called "pigs" — that is, the skin of a penguin without a cut in it, dried and made a bag of. They were also used for carrying water.

When we first went to our own shanty, I generally went down to one of the other shanties for boiled meat and soup; but I afterwards gave this up, and depended entirely upon myself. This was the usual daily routine, from which the reader will be able to form some idea of the life we led: I got up about seven o'clock and took the ashes out of the fireplace, lit the fire, and swept out the house with a bird's wing. When the stone pot got heated, I put in the grease, and if we had eggs, we fried

them in it, or cooked the meat in it. It generally took about a couple of hours to cook the breakfast, as we could do so little at a time : my mother looked after it sometimes. After breakfast I often went down to the gully and had a wash—with eggs when plentiful, often using a dozen of them; and when they could not be spared, I cut a penguin's throat over a piece of rag, scrubbing myself with the blood, and then washing it off with water: it was not such a good plan as the eggs, but was better than nothing. My wash over, I would get birds for our evening meal, either young penguins or mollyhawks, and then set to work skinning and cutting them up. After that I generally killed and skinned about fifty old penguins, and stored up the skins for winter fuel. Thirty fat skins were about as much as a man in our reduced state could carry easily. I packed them in stacks about four feet high. The old-kept skins burnt well, though they smelt strongly, and were full of maggots; but we were very glad to have them. I had stored about seven hundred or eight hundred, which would have lasted us some time, as we only burnt about five or six in our small fire during the day. I was always glad to get my skinning over, as I had got so sick of it; and dreadful-looking figures we must sometimes have been—our hands and clothes covered with blood, and our faces often spotted with it. The evening meal was generally cooked by my mother, of which I ate some, leaving a little for the morning, then got in water for the night, put the turf on the fire, and retired to bed, or rock rather. I generally slept well, except when I dreamt of skinning penguins. My mother also slept pretty well, considering the discomfort, etc. On Sunday I never did any skinning, but washed myself in the gully in the morning. We always had a supply of food ready for the Sunday. I then paid visits to some of the other shanties, and got all the news, such as a new yarn; and dreams were a great source of amusement—we dreamt in such a realistic manner. Having dreams was quite like a letter by post, for they took our minds off the island, and enabled us to forget for a time our miserable circumstances, and any interesting ones I retailed to my mother. In the night when we awoke we invariably asked each other's dreams, which were often about something to eat, often about being at home and the ship that was to take us off the island—always pleasant. Dreaming, in fact, was by far the pleasantest part of our exist-

ence on that miserable island. Many were the prophecies that were made about when we should get off. At first we anxiously paid attention to them; but when one or two turned out wrong, no one took much account of them.

A curious thing happened to my mother on the 1st of November. She was sitting by the fire when she said she saw a woman's face and head appear. It was a beautiful face—pale complexion and dark eyes, with a kerchief tied over the head under the chin. It smiled kindly to her and slowly faded away. I told some of them about it, and it was soon all over the island; but the curious thing is, that Captain Gifford's young wife, a most gentle, kind lady, when she leaned over the ship's side, saying "good-bye" to my mother as she was leaving the whaler, had the face of the vision on the island, even to the kerchief tied under the chin.

Other two ships passed us, but they either did not see us, or took no notice. One of them nearly ran ashore herself, as the weather was thick; but it cleared in time for them to see the land, though it was a narrow escape. Whilst the penguins were laying we had plenty of eggs, not only for the time, but for long afterwards, as I "pitted" about a thousand of them for future use. Even my mother has eaten seven at a meal, fried, roasted, or raw, beaten up with a little fresh water, which made a most refreshing drink. The eggs did every one a great deal of good, and we all felt satisfied and had not the longing desire for other food. Those who had been haggard and miserable got quite plump and fresh—some of them ate about thirty at a meal; and we saw each other with clean faces, for we used the eggs as soap; whilst a most remarkable thing was, that every one had fair skins and light hair, dark faces and hair being quite changed—black hair turning brown or red, and fairer people quite flaxen. As for myself, my complexion was pink and white, like a girl's, with white eyebrows, yellow hair and moustache. My mother did not change much, but she was a mere skeleton and very feeble. The old quartermaster, "Daddy" or "Nimrod" as he was called, died October 20th. The eggs came too late for him, poor old fellow! but he gave himself up from the first. He always said most of us would get off, but not himself, and that our greatest chance of getting off was after Christmas, which also came true. Of course, people would only come near these dreadful rocks of their own accord.

in fine weather, which we expected about Christmas-time.

Christmas-day was very cold, though midsummer, with snow-squalls—in fact, at home you would have called it seasonable weather. Poor little Watty died on Christmas-day at twelve o'clock noon, and was buried next morning. You could almost have blown him away, he was so thin and wasted. He was between three and four years old, I think, and looked like an old man of seventy. He would only take a drop of soup, and that from one of the quartermasters called Bill Vynning, an American. His shoulders were up to his ears, and his knees up to his chin, being drawn up that shape by the cold. He was buried near Henderson, and was happily the last of the unfortunate few whom it was our sad task to bury on that bleak, lonely island. Poor fellows! Though their graves lie far from all sounds of human toil, and only the dash of the waves or the sea-bird's cry is heard above their last resting-place; though no stone stands to bear the record of their virtues, and no affectionate hand marks the spot with the humble tribute of flowers—still they will not be forgotten. In some quiet hour their comrades' thoughts will turn to those lonely graves, far in the midst of the restless ocean, and surely their hearts will soften with some thought of pity or regret when they recall the existence there so miserably closed.

We were very much afraid of our engine-driver, John Nicoll, or "Steam," a nice cheery fellow, who was very delicate, and spitting blood in quantities. He was to have got the bottle of wine that was buried, but it was stolen—a great sin, for they knew it was for the sick. There was still a little rum left which did him good. (*N.B.* Get Henry White of London's "Redheart rum" if you want anything good in that line; it is medicinally better than brandy.) We were all getting very anxious to be off; another winter on the island would, I fear, have left very few to tell the tale, though we were storing skins to burn, and oil also, in case of such a dire necessity. There would have been little to eat. The young albatross were on the island when we landed in July; and just before we left, the old birds returned and built their nests and laid their eggs, so we presumed we had seen the round of the sea-birds. We never took any albatross-eggs, as we looked forward to depending on the young for food later on. The seals we used to hear barking like dogs at a distant hamlet; it sounded so

pleasant, for we could imagine ourselves near some village; indeed, our imaginations and dreams formed almost our only pleasures. We never could get near these seals, as they frequented places unapproachable to us. One day a huge beast, described as having a head like a bear and the body about ten feet long, was seen to attempt a landing, but, on second thoughts, it dived into the depths again. I suppose it was a sea-lion. I have seen several of what appeared to me large seals swimming about, but perhaps they were all sea-lions. We never knew what fish inhabited these waters, for it was impossible, on account of the quantities of seaweed and the constant swell of the sea dashing against the rocks, to keep anything that we could make for a line clear enough for fishing; and what made it worse was the height any likely place was from the water.

We used to see parts of fish in the big gut of the albatross when they had their young to feed. I remember once killing an albatross, and, as was often the case just before dying, it vomited up the contents of its bag, and amongst the mess was an eel quite perfect, and having the appearance of being cooked. I took it up and ate it, it and tasted quite like stewed eel. I daresay that was the only fish eaten on the island.

A good look-out was kept, and all who could were engaged building a turf tower upon which we were to plant a small staff, but we were rescued before it was completed. All the eggs were done, and my mother was getting exceedingly weak, for she could not eat the bird-flesh without its making her very sick, and it was only now and then she could manage to take a little; she said herself she could not last another fortnight; but relief was close at hand. On the 21st January, 1876, the happiest day we shall ever know on earth, the gallant little bark "Young Phoenix," American whaler, Captain Gifford, took my mother and myself and several others off that night, and the rest the next day. There was not much wind, and the day was fine. I thought I would give myself a holiday from skinning, so I had just got a "pig" full of young penguins' legs, and had hung them on a string on the roof to dry and smoke a little, and was backing out of the shanty, when, just visible, I saw a ship. I yelled out, "Sail ho!" and ran to see if the look-out had seen it from the flagstaff. They had seen her a short time before, and the flags and everything were up; fires were lit also on different parts of the

hill so that they might see the smoke, and blankets were about in every position that looked eligible. Of course we were all very much excited, hope and fear alternately predominating. I had gone to the flagstaff, and was running back to tell my mother not to be too sanguine, as the ship had not as yet altered her course, when a cheer made me look out to sea. There — delightful sight! — she had seen us, and was steering close in to the island. Some of us cried with joy. I packed up all our valuables — my club, revolver, knife, fork, and two spoons — and prepared everything for embarking. When the ship came closer, she ran up the American ensign, and lowered two boats. They came to the wrong side of the island for embarking; so Walter Smith, the sailmaker, swam out to them, though with considerable risk, for there was a heavy surf, and directed them to the other side, where our old landing-place was. It was now getting late, and Captain Gifford only took my mother, Mr. Peters, "Sails," two invalids, and myself off in the boat that night. When we got on board we got a warm bath, clean clothes, and tea; and every one was exceedingly kind to us. I don't know how my mother could have managed without Mrs. Gifford's kind assistance. She was comfortably cushioned up on a large sofa in the stern cabin; a nicely done up little place, with pictures, books, and harmonium. She was but a small vessel, and had a crew of thirty hands, so that there was little room to spare, and Mr. Peters and I slept on the floor. Captain Gifford was undecided whether he could take us all or not; however, he made up his mind to manage as well as he could, leave his fishing-grounds — which would be a great loss to him — and take us to the Mauritius or the Cape, unless he could tranship us to English ships. That night we stood off the land till morning. The day was lovely, and we steered for the island again, and took off the rest, Mr. Peters writing a short account of the wreck, and the names of the drowned on paper, which was enclosed in a bottle, sealed up, and buried at the top of one of the graves. Each grave, as well, had a wooden cross placed at the head of it.

Everybody, as they came on board, had a good wash in hot water, and clean clothes, boots, etc., all good new suits: we had every kindness shown us. We steered for the north; and on the 26th January a Liverpool ship, the "Sierra Morena," hove in sight, which the captain signalled, and twenty-four of us, including Mr. Peters,

went in her. She was bound for Kura-chee; and the same afternoon another Liverpool ship, the "Childers," Captain M'Phee, took the remaining twenty, including my mother and myself. She was bound to Rangoon, in Burmah. We were all very sorry to leave the whaler; and Mrs. Gifford was quite distressed at parting from my mother. Captain Gifford offered to keep my mother on board if she had the least objections to going to Rangoon. We were most kindly and courteously received by Captain M'Phee of the "Childers," and my mother is now getting quite fat and strong.

This ends my journal, and my mother adds the rest. C. F. W.

MY MOTHER'S ADDITIONS.

CAPTAIN M'PHEE carries a black crew, most of the men colossal and very handsome and strong: they are a merry lot, and their laugh is worth hearing. Charlie has been busy painting pictures on the sailors' boxes, and has also been employed to-day washing, and makes a first-rate washer. I shall go on with the narrative myself, as Charlie is busy to-day (16th March) pulling ropes and going through great exertion. We have had light variable winds or none at all, the days awfully hot and the evenings charming. At last we got near enough to sight land two days ago. It is a most dangerous coast, with sandbanks stretching far out, and the pilots will only come to the mouth of the river, when the worst danger is over. The captain has neither slept nor eaten for two days, and yesterday he seemed very anxious. He had put out signals for a pilot that we saw, but they took no notice, and we have been anchored for two nights. The currents are so strong that even with a strong breeze the ship cannot keep its own. It is very anxious work, and the captain constantly keeps sounding, and yesterday the man that was sounding took no notice though we got into shallow water. I had just gone to rest in my bunk after dinner, when I heard a great trampling on deck and hurrying about, sails being dragged up and down when, just at my window, I heard the man say, "Only three fathoms water," and I at once knew we were within a few inches of being aground. I started up; my face felt stiff, it was so white, and my lips blue with terror, and went up to see what was going on. The ship was like a bee-hive, every one was so busy. In a very short time every sail was furled and the anchor dropped. Charlie was hurrying me along to see it

go, when go it did with a vengeance, the huge chain snapping like a bit of wood, and off went the anchor with thirty fathoms of valuable chain cable. I was in horror; however, little Jemmie comforted me by telling me there were five more on board; and another was soon dropped. The ship slightly grazed the bottom, but of course we did not anchor till we were in deeper water. The captain said no wonder I turned pale; he felt he did so himself. A captain has indeed an awful responsibility. One of our men, Jack Evans, who has been wrecked five or six times, ran past me laughing, saying, "It would be queer if we were wrecked twice this voyage; there must be some Jonahs amongst us, I think." A breeze sprang up in the evening, too late, as usual, to do any good. At tea to-night the first mate told me what frightful danger we were in just as the anchor cable broke, as he feared the others might not act well at once. There was a strong tide drifting us into a river, out of which *nothing*—either ship or living creature—ever came again: it is certain death. They have tried to survey it, but it is impossible; no one ever returned to tell the tale.* It is a frightfully dangerous coast. At every alarm I go and put on a full complement of clothes, and have our small bundle of possessions ready. The men have had very hard work, and they do it all so cheerfully. I have gained a great deal of nautical knowledge; the captain very kindly takes great trouble with me, and then I have long chats with "the man at the wheel." Sometimes the "man" is a boy, or rather child, elf, or sprite, called Jemmie, very small, and knows as much or more than most in the ship except the captain; up to every mischief, very often in disgrace, but neither captain nor any one else can keep a serious face with him, thanks to his *beaux yeux*. He is half Irish and half Spanish; you can imagine the gypsy beauty of the child. A big black called "Big Jo," when Jemmie teases him, brings his eyes to bear upon him from his height, and says, "Go 'way, child." He is from Liverpool, ran off to sea, and I suppose has given his parents more trouble than half-a-dozen usual boys. He comes with great graciousness to comfort me and explain things. He is inval-

able to the captain; he has such splendid eyes that he can see further than any one else. There is one comfort in being the only woman on board; I can poke about and go anywhere: two or three would be in the way. I understand the compasses pretty well, and can tell the course we are going by the stars.

17th March (*St. Patrick's Day*).—We are now all right, nearly in the roads, and see six or seven ships at anchor. We will surely get in to-morrow. After dinner-time boats came up to us, and some very curious individuals came on board. I immediately ran up to have a good stare at them, and found I was as much an object of curiosity to them as they to me. There was one young Mussulman, a great swell, with a long skirt of red checked stuff, and a beautiful figure and carriage. They were the stevedores. The pilot was not come, and we have anchored among a delightful lot of lights, and can see the bush and cocoanut-trees quite plain.

18th March.—The pilot came on board early this morning, and I had the honor of breakfasting with two turbaned Mussulmans. I am trying pigeon English, but can't resist the small words. We shall be up to Rangoon this evening, though we may not get on shore; oh, how glad I shall be! I never saw more extraordinary-looking individuals than some of these natives were—some with long skirts and no bodies, others with waistcoats and very little else. The little stevedore is quite a bright, merry Mohammedan, very stout and upright; he puts me in mind of an Italian singer. He took tea with us, and very kindly took down an enormous turban to show me how it was done. He was dressed something like a European, except the turban. What with our colossal Christies and copper-colored gentry, I feel as if I were in the "Arabian Nights;" even the "hump-backed cadi" came on board last night: you remember the trouble he gave to everybody by choking on a fish-bone. The "old man of the sea," our pilot, is very grand, with a long red silk skirt, a long white night-dress over that, and, when cold, a coat. The night-dress is kept on in my honor. Oh the bananas and fresh oranges! We don't know what oranges are in England. It is delightful to think of new milk and eggs, and abundance of delicious fruit, cocoanuts in perfection. I am a great believer in sugar now; I think it cured me of seasickness; Mrs. Gifford said it was so strengthening for the stomach. A little ginger and plenty of sugar-and-water

* Not quite correct. The river is very dangerous, but small craft or boats do occasionally go up. The name of the river is the Setang, and the danger lies in the shoals, quicksands, and swift tide, also what is called a "boa"—some description of tidal wave.—C. F. W.

makes a delightful drink. This afternoon Charlie called me to come on deck. All sorts of queer boats, Chinese junks, sampans, and barges, to be seen as we turned into the narrower parts of the river, and, what was an exquisite pleasure to me, *green trees*. We have been exactly eleven months at sea — nothing but bleak, dazzling sea; we could just see the dome of the golden pagoda. It has a thing like a huge umbrella of pure gold on the top worth £80,000, and the jewels on the gold-work are very valuable. There is more than one beautiful pagoda.

19th March (Sunday morning). — We had to drop anchor about five miles from Rangoon, and I suppose we shall be towed in to-day. The captain went ashore last night. Charlie and Mr. Walker sleep on the two couches in the saloon, Mr. Keith in a bunk; and last night when they came down to go to bed, to their astonishment they found two long dark figures stretched out in their places, so all they could do was to have a hearty laugh, and sleep on the floor. This morning I heard delightful sounds of birds singing just like larks, and we could see the monkeys playing about on the trees — such curious trees — it is all so strange!

And now my task is done. A gentleman, Mr. Case, asked us most hospitably to go on shore with him, though we said good-bye with great regret to Captain M'Phee, who has been most generous and kind to us. He took such care always to make everything comfortable for me, I must remember him with gratitude all my life.

Now our story is finished. We expect our letters to go to-morrow, and hope soon to follow them.

F. W.

From The London Student.

THE INFLUENCE UPON GIRLS' SCHOOLS
OF EXTERNAL EXAMINATIONS,
WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE CAMBRIDGE
LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

EVERYBODY is aware how rapidly of late years schemes of examination have been multiplied and extended. Some timid souls regard them as an incubus upon the land, a charge, and a mischievous charge, upon the freedom and the energies of young life. "You will examine people out of all their knowledge," says one. "Life will soon be altogether spent in examining, being examined, or showing cause why you have not been examined," says another.

The superstitious, on the other side, attach an unreasoning and unreasonable value to examinations. They are to be the grand cure of all educational ailments, to give tone and vigor to intellectual feebleness, to develop and train to their utmost perfection all latent faculties and energies. In the eyes of some, the present passion for examinations is a mere fashionable craze, which will have its day; in the minds of others, it is the inauguration of the reign of right reason and sound judgment in matters of education. Without rushing to either extreme, it may be safe to commit ourselves to the very general proposition, that for good or for evil, probably for both, methods and plans of examination do constitute one of the most powerful forces in our modern systems of education.

It may not be out of place to remark, however, that the use of examinations is no wonderful discovery of the nineteenth century. So long as there have been real teachers in the world, so long have they sought by the best methods they could devise to test and try their pupils, to discover the mental condition of each, how far they were passive recipients of another's ideas, or, less even than that — how far they were fellow-workers with their teachers. Now, whatever method the teacher may have chosen — and such methods are susceptible of almost infinite variation — the thing endeavored has been one and the same, — examination. There is one grand advantage of the lecture over the book, of the living teacher over the dead printed matter, — that examination can proceed *pari passu* with direct instruction, which, if possible, it exceeds in value and importance. When a book can ask and answer questions, when it can respond to the clouded, doubtful, puzzled look, or to the anxious inflections of the voice, then may we dispense with the living teacher, and then and not till then may we dismiss as unprofitable all inquiries into the just value (as also into the wisest methods) of examination. Seen from this point of view, the teacher is the examiner, *the examiner, the teacher*, a double function consentaneous and coincident.

It is not, however, as a *direct* instrument of teaching that we propose now to consider the influence of examinations. Those which alone come before the eye of the public have altogether another scope and purpose. Not that they do not (or may not) teach much directly, and indirectly even more; but that their special end is to test achieved results, not to help

in the achieving, and to weigh in the balance alike the teacher and the taught. That this is necessary who can doubt? So long as teachers are but mortals they will blunder, and, sorrowful to say, will repeat their blunders, which of their own unaided vision they are not likely to detect, the mental twist or crotchet which caused the original deflection disqualifying for its discovery.

So far then from the teacher being the best judge of the results of his teaching, he is usually the very worst; and it would not be too much to lay it down as a first principle in all examinations of results, that no teacher can rightly be a judge of his own teaching, no *body* of teachers of their own teaching. This principle, which applies equally to the highest and to the lowest, necessitates the provision of external tests, as such, — to take the instances best known to all of us, and of easiest application to the case of girls, those provided by the University of Cambridge in the local examinations.

But why, it may be asked, seek to test achieved results at all? Life will sufficiently prove and try them for us. Perhaps if we considered the case of individual students only, it might be possible to assent to this, though even then it would be fair to urge that the test of life comes too late to be of practical value.

The superficial knowledge and real ignorance which a well-considered examination would have exposed at a period when they might yet have been remedied, find too terrible a Nemesis when left to be corrected by the course of life and the progress of events. It is hard to find oneself less accurate, less ready, less able than one took oneself to be. It is better to know this, to take the just measure of one's attainments, than to be surprised hereafter by a sudden perception of mortifying and irremediable incapacity. The keen sense of power which seems specially to belong to the period of the rapidly developing faculties, needs to be thus chastened by the test of practical work within clearly defined limits. Untried and inexperienced, we feel capable of all things; failure teaches us modesty and charity.

The advantages, however, of systematic and practical examination are by no means confined to those who are directly submitted to it. In the case of schools sending in candidates to the local examinations, the candidates, their fellow-pupils, and their teachers are all more or less benefited; and this would be still more

largely the case if the examination, instead of being the conclusion of the school career, could be made an ordinary and regular incident during its continuance. This view is little likely to find favor with university men already overweighted with examining work, but it can scarcely fail to commend itself to teachers. External examinations have been spoken of as designed to test achieved results; but these results are not supposed to be final.

One grand advantage is the increased steadiness of school-work. Every teacher knows how difficult it is in the present confused state of the education of girls, to work out intelligently a comprehensive plan, which shall combine breadth of general principle with thoroughness and accuracy of detail. Our material is imperfect, our machinery faulty, our motive power fitful and irregular. We have neither perfect pupils, perfect methods, nor, reluctant as we may be to confess it, perfect teachers. We are constantly liable to fail and falter through difficulties arising out of the foolishness of parents, the perversity of pupils, and our own ignorance and indolence.

So long as this is the case, we may well be thankful to accept such support as any well-devised scheme of examination gives us. In the steady endeavor after a clearly defined standard, we are more likely to attain the best educational results, than in working according to ever-varying standards, or according to no standard at all. And to say this is by no means to fall into the mistake of making examination regulations the measure, and literal conformity with them the end, of all our teaching. A right apprehension of the spirit does away with all bondage to the letter. Within the prescribed limits there is abundant room for the highest originality of method, and the utmost fertility of invention of any teacher; and if the limits be too narrow, by all means let them be extended — only let what is done be well done. This steady influence is an advantage to pupils, no less than to teachers. Whilst the place in the class-list is of the least possible moment, the habit of accurate and thoughtful work, and the perception of the difference between knowing a thing and knowing about it, are of incalculable importance, and we are fully sustained by experience in our belief that great support and stimulus are afforded to the young student by the knowledge that her work will be submitted to an independent and impartial tribunal. This advantage is not confined to candidates actually sent in for

examination, but is a gain more or less to the whole school. Those unwise teachers who prepare individual pupils for examination by that mysterious process called "cramming" forfeit, and deservedly so, this advantage. But it is surely unnecessary to do more by way of exposing this folly than to point out the hopeless confusion of such teachers as to what are the ends and what only the means of education.

Cramming is, moreover, as absolutely unnecessary for the purposes of examination, as it is mischievous morally and intellectually. Many of the most successful candidates from girls' schools have, to our certain knowledge, gone in without one hour of special preparation from the ordinary work of their class. Where this is the case, the influence upon the school is likely to be the best and strongest. A generous emulation is awakened, which has its root in sympathy, not in envious rivalry; and the success of one issues in the increased energy and application of her companions; the defeat of another in their greater thoroughness and accuracy. The precision in working secured thus to the school is invaluable.

It may be worth while here to remark that the predictions of those who expected that the opening of these examinations to girls would introduce jealousies, heart-burnings, and dissensions unknown before, have so far been curiously falsified by the results.

Whether we are to attribute it to the *moral* effects of the mental discipline involved in the attempt at real study, or to whatever other cause, the fact is certain, that the simplicity, sweetness, and good feeling of the girl candidates have hitherto been as remarkable as their orderliness and diligence. It has been pleasant to see the way in which they "fraternize" with each other, and how eager they are in all acts and offices of kindness. And here lies a great though altogether incidental advantage of such examinations. They tend to draw schools and teachers together and to break down the painful isolation hitherto so characteristic of the profession of schoolmistresses. The internal economy, the organization of no school is interfered with, yet each begins to regard itself, and to be regarded, no longer as a solitary organizer, but as a member of the great community of schools: each teacher as a member of the community of teachers. Now this, in the present state of things, is clear gain. There is no need that we should become pedantic and professional; there

is every need that we should exchange thought, experience, sympathy. Many of our greatest difficulties as teachers will be removed when once we have learnt to trust each other fully, and to work together heartily. Then indeed we may hope to secure that just economy of teaching-power, that wise distribution of forces, without which it is vain to look forward to any great advance in the education of girls. It is quite possible that such a result might have been brought about in one or other of many different ways. In any case there would have been needed some such bond of unity amidst infinite diversity as is afforded by the very nature of this common test. The interest taken by parents in the examinations has also been so great as to encourage the hope that English fathers and mothers do not intend, when they delegate their functions as educators to the professional teacher, to dismiss all serious care for the education of their daughters. We need not merely a closer union amongst teachers, but a greater sympathy and a fuller co-operation between parents and teachers. But it will be said in all this, You have assumed the perfection of present schemes of examination, whereas we all know — Yes, we all know the inherent and inevitable imperfection of all things human. No perfect scheme of examination has yet been devised, or, being devised, could be carried into effect. A test which, being uniform for all, must press unequally upon individuals of diverse capacities and powers, which gauges only some of the intellectual results, and is incapable of direct application to the moral results of education, how incomplete and defective this must be! We can only say that, so far as it goes, it is of inestimable value, and that it is one of the most foolish of all foolish objections to a thing good in itself, that it does not do something which it was never intended to do.

The ideally perfect examination has yet to be devised. Meanwhile, the university local examinations combine many of the most important requisites of such an examination. A standard of average attainments, pitched not at all too high for average ability and average industry; free play for special aptitudes and special attainments; methods devised to test, and on the whole pretty fairly, not only the memory, but the imagination and the judgment; absolute fairness and impartiality, — these are secured to us by the very structure of the examinations. What of disadvantage attaches itself to them would

seem to be chiefly the fault of teachers themselves. If these will confoond means with ends, ignore the value of time in education, and try by cramming to crowd the work of years into months, stereotype their teaching to the dead level of a pass, or unduly press the eager and ambitious with a view to honors, on them be the shame, as theirs alone is the folly. To those who know how rightly to use them, such examinations are of the highest advantage; only let it be borne in mind, that these are not to be suffered to become the one determining force in education — that as the machinery becomes more highly wrought and finished, it will be ever more and more our duty to see that it is set in motion of the informing spirit.

[The foregoing paper was read and discussed at a meeting of the London Association of Schoolmistresses on March 24, 1868, and the following conclusions were arrived at:—

All teachers who are worth anything practise examination. But teachers are not always competent to test their own work, as the same causes which led to mistakes prevent their being found out.

It is better that the test should come early, while there is time to remedy faults, than to wait for the test of life. And this is a reason for using examinations during the school course, and not only at the end.

No scheme of examination is perfect. Its value chiefly depends on the manner in which it is worked by teachers.

The value of the Cambridge Local Examinations is greatly increased by their being alike in subjects and standard for both boys and girls.

For these examinations cramming is totally unnecessary. Steadiness and precision in the work of the *whole* school are encouraged. Ill-natured rivalry is not encouraged. The girls enjoy the examinations, and the effect on health is good, when reasonable precautions are taken against over-excitement.

The scheme has been found incidentally useful, as drawing teachers together, and as drawing parents and teachers together.]

Note.—At the Cambridge examination, held in 1865, a hundred and twenty-six girls were examined, at six centres. In 1872 the numbers had increased to eight hundred and forty-seven candidates and thirty-four centres. These figures do not include Oxford and Durham.

January, 1873.

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN, 1877.

THE examinations for women by Harvard University, were held for the first time at Cambridge, Mass., in June, 1874.

They are now part of the regular work of the university, and it is proposed to hold them every year after 1876, simultaneously in the city of New York and in Cambridge or Boston. In 1877 the examinations will take place in the first and second weeks of June. They are of two grades: I. a preliminary *general* examination; II. An advanced examination in *special* departments.

The examinations for women are not identical with the entrance examination of Harvard, or with any examination for resident students of the university.

The preliminary examination, however, is similar in grade to the average college entrance examination in this country, although somewhat different in the choice of subjects, and is intended as a test of elementary education of a liberal order. It is, therefore, distinctly a pre-collegiate examination, and should not be regarded as anticipating by its requisitions the work done in colleges. It is strongly recommended to girls in course of education at home or in private schools, who desire to test their progress by a *strict and publicly recognized standard*, instead of by the lax and partial criteria which prevail in private education. On the other hand, the graduates of our high schools and grammar schools, who have probably enjoyed a more solid elementary training than private education usually gives, may be tempted to take the Harvard preliminary examination by the fact that it offers a test of proficiency in a *wider range of subjects* than the ordinary public school course includes.

The advanced examination offers a test of *special* culture in one or more of five departments, namely, Languages, Natural Science, Mathematics, History, and Philosophy. It is not intended to be taken as a whole, and does not, therefore, represent the studies of a college course, but is adapted to persons of limited leisure for study, such as girls who have left school and are occupied with home cares, or teachers engaged in their professional labors. Many of the latter class who have not time or inclination for a normal school course may be glad to obtain a Harvard certificate of proficiency in one department.

I. — PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

The preliminary examination will embrace the following subjects: English, French, Physical Geography, either Elementary Botany or Elementary Physics, Arithmetic, Algebra through quadratic

equations, Plane Geometry, History, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin, or Greek.

This examination can only be taken as a whole by young women who are not less than seventeen years old. It may, however, be divided between two years, at the option of the candidate, and, in this case, the minimum age of admission is sixteen years. No candidate will, in any case, be admitted to examination on a part of any subject, and no account will be made of a partial examination, unless the candidate has passed satisfactorily in at least three subjects. If the candidate passes in three or more subjects, the results of a partial examination will be recorded by the university, but no certificate will be given until the whole examination has been passed. Candidates who divide the preliminary examination will be expected to attain a somewhat higher degree of excellence than those who present the nine subjects at once.

II. — ADVANCED EXAMINATION.

The advanced examination is for young women who have passed the preliminary examination, and are not less than eighteen years old. The advanced examination is divided into five sections, in one or more of which the candidate may present herself. The sections are as follows:—

1. *Languages.* Candidates may offer any two of the following languages: English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek.
2. *Natural Science.* Candidates may offer any two of the following subjects: Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology.
3. *Mathematics.* Candidates must present Solid Geometry, Algebra, Logarithms, and Plane Trigonometry, and any one of the three following subjects: Analytic Geometry, Mechanics, Spherical Trigonometry and Astronomy.
4. *History.* In 1877 candidates may offer either of the two following subjects: The History of Continental Europe during the Period of the Reformation, 1517-1648; English and American History, from 1688 to the end of the Eighteenth Century.
5. *Philosophy.* Candidates may offer any three of the following subjects: Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Political Economy.

It is to be observed that no person is admitted to the second grade till she has passed the first.

From The Argosy.

OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

PERHAPS there never existed a time when the spirit of self-sacrifice was so little amongst us as at present. It is a virtue not understood of men: so sparingly practised that it seems—like many of the good old customs and fashions of our forefathers—to be dying out. Each for himself. Thus men argue: thus they act.

In seeking a reason, it may possibly be found—if, as some think, we have reached the beginning of the end—in the fulfilment of that prophecy which says that in the last days men shall run to and fro in the earth, that knowledge shall increase, and iniquity shall abound. Or it may be the result of the progress of the age, an evil of which the food that nourishes it is daily gaining strength and growth. The world is so over-populated—at least the world of our small island—that men are jostling each other; treading upon each other's heels; wrestling for place and power; for wealth, and the grandeur wealth brings. No matter what the cost to honor and integrity; what the increasing labor of mind and body; still they wrestle.

"I must climb the social ladder. I must increase in riches and importance. My neighbor just now fills the lofty goal I covet. If I cannot attain to it unless he come down, let him fall." So man soliloquizes, and proceeds to work accordingly.

Presently he gains his object. A. from his lofty height, with complacency and self-confidence, has looked down upon the struggling humanity below him. Suddenly, his very self-reliance assisting the downfall, he overbalances, and B. reigns in his stead. The latter in turn becomes self-gratulatory; he has gained his end; he cares little for the ruin he has effected. He goes forth to the high places of the world with songs triumphant.

This is no mere ideal picture. It is a truth and a fact, happening every day in a greater or less degree. All may witness for themselves who do not go through life with their eyes closed. The motto of the present hour is, *Every man for himself*. It cannot be too often or too emphatically reiterated. "What can I do? How shall I increase in importance, in riches, in the honor and glory of the world? In what manner can I further my happiness, my comfort and welfare, gratify my senses?" The question, "What can I do to help on others in a world laboring in care and misery?" is passed over. Self-sacrifice is not to be thought of, or

mentioned. "I have no time for it," says the worldly man: might he not add "no inclination"? "My whole days and nights are occupied in the furtherance of my own work, schemes, pleasures."

This is quite true. He has no time for anything but himself. He feels that we are living at a rapid rate. If he halts a moment on the way, some one else passes him swiftly, and he is lost. His place is gone. He cannot recover it. So he goes onwards in selfishness and self-absorption, till time creeps and creeps; leaving with the rich and luxurious few traces of furrows or grey hairs; until at last the eyes close in their last sleep: one more life is over, for whose soul a world would be no ransom; and the body, so restless hitherto, in the tomb has rest.

Not for this were we brought into the world. Each life has a distinct and separate purpose of its own. Each soul is created, not only to accomplish some great work—for even the humblest career earnestly fulfilled will, when the life is laid aside, leave behind it an impression of completeness—but also to help on other souls through their pilgrimage of pain and travail. This cannot be done without an amount, more or less, of self-sacrifice.

It is terrible to contemplate the dearth of this spirit, arising in part from a lack of sympathy in the human heart: a want, mark you, that may be cultivated. Take, reader, a little of your own experience. Imagine yourself in great trouble; in sore need; be it that of pity, of disburdening your soul, or the strait of poverty. How many friends or acquaintances do you possess to whom you could confidently apply with a sure feeling of trust; of being fully heard and fully answered? Five? Four? Three? No. Two? Probably not. One? Even one is doubtful. And yet, inasmuch as every soul is born into the world with the impress of the divine image, so no soul *need* have a heart without sympathy, and all those beauties of virtue which therefrom blossom into life.

Success itself is one of the greatest destroyers of self-sacrifice, unless the mind be noble and the heart large; just as wealth often closes its doors to the need of the world, because the thoughtless soul has come to be unable to realize in its fullness the need that exists. "I am rich, and lack naught; the distress and misery we hear of must be an idle tale; an over-drawn picture." Thus men cheat themselves. But, ye rich, believe it not. There is misery and wretchedness enough and to

spare, in spite of the purple and fine linen that screen you from it; much that is in your power to lessen. But shillings must not be given for pounds, or pounds where you should give tens and hundreds. Take, for example, the collections in our London churches, on behalf of some good and pressing object, as an instance of what is and what might be done. But the amount of charity in the world is quite apart from the question of self-sacrifice. People give out of their abundance, and much of it is terribly misapplied. There is no system in distributing.

Take the great world of commerce. How many of its members will exercise, in even a small degree, the spirit of self-sacrifice? "I am able to do this thing for A. He will be a thousand pounds the richer; I shall be minus the five hundred pounds it would put into my pocket if I do it for myself. A. wants the thousand; the five hundred to me is nothing. But it does not enter into the principle of business, and I cannot do it. No, I cannot. If I did do it, and the world knew, it would mock me." So A. does not get his thousand pounds, and B. pockets his five hundred. A. is ruined, perhaps: possibly drags down with him a wife and children; and he never recovers his footing. "Sorry for him," says B., stifling qualms of conscience. "But I couldn't help it, clearly. Business is business."

And undoubtedly every man should do the very best he possibly can for himself in business; *but only in fairness to his duty towards his neighbor*. I would repeat this and engrave it with a pen of iron if I could: as Job did those beautiful and awful words which tell us that though worms destroy our body—for which we toil so much and sacrifice so much—yet in our flesh shall we see God. You will sometimes hear a conversation after this manner: "Why did you not do so and so? It would have been better for you." "Yes; but would it have been better for the opposite side?" "No; but you had the power in your own hands. To you would have been the advantage."

The reader had need to steel his heart against sophistry so worldly, argument so ungenerous. It may cost a little self-sacrifice, but if the heart becomes warped, the mind narrowed and disennobled, the conscience seared, the body had better, ere that take place, be resting quietly in its last home. We all do fade as a leaf; so much for the body and the body only; but the good that men do lives after them, and the evil is never undone. Pause and turn

back ere launching out upon that wide road where return is so hard, which lays hold upon the soul with an iron grasp, to be loosened only by constant and painful struggles, ending, let us hope, in victory; but a victory gained, it may be, only through death itself.

Not to the persistently selfish will the grave be without its victory, death without its terrors and its sting. As self-sacrifice is more or less in the reach of all, so all must seek to acquire it. Look to the heart; make it green and keep it so; remember that your opportunities and your life will not last forever; you cannot live your life twice over; it will not return and enable you to redeem the days that have been misspent. Now or never must be said of the opportunities of to-day; for after to-day its opportunities, taken or neglected, have passed into the womb of time and the records of eternity.

And then, to go to the reverse side of the picture, self-sacrifice brings its own reward. It gives happiness far greater than any wealth or power can bestow. In the latter case, every man in the zenith of success may lay his head upon his pillow at night, and confess that it is not without much vanity and vexation of spirit at the best; a weariness of the flesh; a thing which must pass away as a shadow. Not that wealth and power are by any means to be despised, or not diligently sought after and received, when made subservient to the great ends of life. It is only when, as too often, they become the sole aim of heart and mind, that they bring with them ruin and destruction.

But self-sacrifice, it has been said, brings happiness. A happiness they wist not who cultivate it not. It transforms the mind; it enlarges the heart; it elevates the soul; it makes man loved; it assists him on in the right path; it helps him to that peace which passeth all understanding. Perhaps at the close his funded wealth may be somewhat less than it would have been, though this is doubtful, for (with all reverence be uttered; and let no man allow this thought to influence him in his good works) God is no man's debtor; but how much happier and nobler will he be, how much loftier and closer to heaven his soul! And what about the great day of reckoning, when the books are opened and each man's deeds are brought home to him?

Surely one of the great incentives to good, to glorifying God in ourselves, and in our works, is the thought of the *gratitude* we owe him for the untold mercies and

privileges we possess. Who can number his own individually? and who can say he deserves the least of them? "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." He it is who gives and has power to take away. Render, O reader! unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but remember, what is far more important, to render unto God the things that are God's. What we owe to man in this world, the law makes us pay; if we do not, it is summarily enforced. God speaks to us only in the still small voice of conscience: we can pay him or not as we please; but there will come a day of reckoning.

But the most beautiful of all self-denial, and perhaps the most difficult to practice, is that which is, or ought to be, carried on in the sacred precincts of home. At home it is very probable that, if called upon, each would be found willing to lay down his life for the other. But we are not required to perform heroic deeds: if we were, and they became common, probably that very fact would cause them to lose their influence, and we should give them up also. Life is made up of small things, and it is precisely in these that it is most difficult to be self-sacrificing — every-day matters which seem too trivial to mention; arising with the hour and dying with it, to give place to something equally unremarkable. The constant giving way in trifles and trifling inclinations; sacrificing personal wants and whims to each other. One wishes to go here, another there; one wishes to do this, another that; two wish for some new bauble, or object of necessity — the purse will admit of the gratification of one only; two are invited to some delightful country place, or the attractions of a London season — the duties of home permit only one to be absent. The key to solve these difficulties, the only spirit able to meet them, is that of self-sacrifice. This will go far to form beauty of character; to render home that abode of harmony which all homes should be; giving up one to the other.

To those who have never tried it, cultivated or practised it, it will be a difficult matter at the outset. Nothing is so hard as for a selfish man to put down self. Self, self, self, has been so constantly the watchword and key-note of his life, that it comes uppermost in all cases; an object which pervades more or less every action; a weed choking the good seed that, let us hope, is lurking in every heart, ready to take root and spring up. It is an evil to which men are far more prone than women. Taken in the aggregate, men are essentially

and exceedingly selfish; women self-sacrificing, bearing in silence, yielding. To the shame of men be it spoken. They, the stronger, should be ready to put forth all the greatness of character which by their very strength is able to shine forth in them. They should be self-forgetful, not only towards women, but towards each other; seeking each other's good, promoting each other's welfare.

I would that each man reading these words should examine his own heart. If he sees lurking there the demon of selfishness, and so spoilt and petted are many of us from youth upwards that it often lurks there unknown and unsuspected until accident or something else points it out to us: if he finds lurking within him the hideous demon—one of the most hateful sins of our fallen nature—let him strive his utmost to cast it out. A great struggle will ensue; it may be a long one: but as no man ever fought in vain who fights earnestly in the right way, so will he in the end gain the crown of victory.

No selfish man or woman was ever yet completely happy. They may cheat themselves into a belief that they are, for thought and conscience are lost in the mad whirl and rush of life. But it is a mere delusive happiness, which disappears at the moment we think to clutch it; and, like the wily ignis-fatuus, leads us an endless dance over bog and moor, to escape us at last. Then, weary and spent, we lie down; and perchance that most terrible experience, the remorse of a wasted and misapplied life, comes in and takes possession of us forever.

The spirit of self-sacrifice is one of the great beauties of holiness. Husband yielding to wife, wife to husband; brother to brother, sister to sister; friend to friend: in great things; but in small especially. First and foremost, see that the spirit is with you at home; then carry it abroad into the world. It is a spirit that will sweeten happiness and lighten trouble; and when the soul is ready to wing its flight to its eternal home, it will have the unspeakable consolation of knowing that it has not lived to itself; that it has left the world happier and better in some degree than it found it; that it has been faithful to its earthly mission. So will it listen with unutterable bliss to the sentence: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

From The Saturday Review.
CRAZY CORRESPONDENCE.

It is said that prime ministers, and others who stand out specially before the eyes of mankind have a special box or pigeon-hole in which they lay aside their "crazy correspondence." And it is further said that the correspondence so laid aside fills, in bulk at least, a very respectable part of the great man's letter-bag. It is certain that any man who gets the least reputation in any way, especially if he brings himself into public notice about any great public question, is sure to be at once overwhelmed with a mass of correspondence as crazy as any that can be sent to any prime minister. The writings of crazy correspondents fall under several heads. There is first the style of letter, or circular, or communication of any kind, which is simply and purely crazy, which has no point whatever, no special reference to the person to whom it is sent. Such correspondents are those who send little diagrams to prove that the sun is only a very little way from the earth, which diagrams they say have altogether puzzled—as it is only natural that they should—the chief philosophers of Oxford and Cambridge. But the greater and the more important part of the crazy correspondence of any man who attracts crazy correspondence is more special to himself. First come the class of people whose craziness is not fully developed, who still have some kind of intelligible object in what they write: This class shades off by very gentle degrees from the positively crazy to the simply impertinent. A man is supposed to be a master of a certain subject, and people whom he never heard of write to him to tell them something which they have nothing to do but to look in his books and find for themselves. These last are simply impertinent, and may be ranked along with those who write for autographs. The two classes, in fact, are very nearly the same, as we may suspect that letters of this kind are often written simply in the hope of getting an answer to keep as an autograph. But these, who at least have some method in their madness, gradually shade off into a class whose craze is one of the strangest. They do not write to an author simply to get his autograph, or simply because they grudge the cost of buying his book or the trouble of reading it—not at all. They write in perfect good faith; they have bought and read and admired; only they want to have some little private revelation to themselves beyond what the book makes known to mankind

in general. They write to ask what kind of looking man the hero of a great battle may have been, or what kind of weather it was on the day of the battle itself. This kind of question certainly shows that some men must have a very strange notion of the way in which history is written. They do not stop to think that, if a man who writes a minute account of a battle had any evidence as to the state of the weather at the time, he would certainly not leave out so important a part of his picture. The state of mind of a writer who would keep back such a fact from the mass of his readers, but would at the same time be willing to admit some perfectly unknown person into his confidence on the subject, would surely be as crazy as that of any of his correspondents. Yet such a state of mind must be taken for granted by the correspondent who assumes that the author can and will tell him things privately which he either could not or would not put in his book. The truth is that there are many people who really have not the faintest notion of the way in which history is written, who have no idea whatever of the nature of the materials for history. They seem to think that the historian writes by some kind of intuition or divination or inspiration. It is something quite new to them that he has his authorities before him, and that he can say nothing but what he finds in his authorities. It never comes into their heads that, if no contemporary writer says anything about the weather on the day of a certain battle, the modern historian has no means of finding out what the weather was. It seems to his correspondent that he may possibly have forgotten to think about the weather, but that, if his attention is once drawn to the point, he must be able to say something about it. A trifle crazier than this are the people who write to a man who is supposed to be master of one subject to tell them something about matters which belong to some quite different subject. This is part of the vulgar error that, because a man knows one thing, he must therefore know everything else — an error which is not more irrational and much more amiable than the opposite error of believing that, because a man knows one thing, he therefore can know nothing else.

Now it may ever and anon happen to any real inquirer into a subject, even to any scholar of the highest order, to wish to have some point resolved which cannot be so well resolved as by some other scholar with whose writings he is familiar, but of whom he has no personal know-

edge. No one can have given his life to reading and writing without now and then both sending and receiving letters of this kind; but then this is something quite different from crazy correspondence. It supposes a kind of knowledge, though not a personal knowledge, on each side, and questions of this kind, put soberly and with a rational object, have often led to personal acquaintance, and sometimes to personal friendship. And besides these there is a class of inquiries whose very earnestness and simplicity plead for them. It would be hard to refuse to help the ingenuous young student, writing perhaps from beyond the sea or beyond the ocean, who asks in all honesty for some piece of real guidance or information from the man whom he has learned to look up to in his writings. This kind of correspondence is not crazy, and it would be harsh to call it impertinent. It is a tribute, a sign of influence, a proof that he to whom it is addressed has really done what he has wished to do, while the purely crazy correspondence is a sign that he has done so only imperfectly. It would be harsh to thwart one who has really understood something in his honest effort to understand something more.

All these different classes naturally sign their names, because all of them, from whatever motives, wish to have answers. But there is another class of correspondents, some of whom may be safely added to the crazy ranks, who, as a rule, would seem not to wish for answers, because their letters are anonymous, with sham signatures or no signatures at all. Sometimes, however, with a strange inconsistency, the writer of an anonymous letter expects an answer, and perhaps complains, perhaps crows triumphantly, if he does not get one. Now it does sometimes happen that an anonymous letter is neither crazy nor impertinent. Real pieces of information, suggestions which are really to the point, are now and then given in anonymous letters. But this is quite exceptional; anonymous letters as a rule are either crazy or impertinent. Most commonly they are both at once; they are crazy, but not so utterly crazy as to absolve their writers from the charge of impertinence. Purely literary work does not call out very much of this class of correspondence, but what it does call out is sometimes of the strangest kind. The "young admirer" in a distant land is sometimes balanced by the young enemy, also in a distant land, who is so displeased with the author's treatment of an historical charac-

ter that he writes to say that he is sharpening a sword wherewith, as soon as he is old enough, he will slay the offender. Almost equally strange in another way is the pertinacity of the man who has got a philological craze, and who, on the strength of it, writes endless letters, with an endless variety of signatures, dated from an endless variety of places, but all of which are proclaimed by the handwriting and style to be the work of the same hand. The craze is the same, but the impertinence becomes a trifle greater, when letters of this kind are addressed, not to the avowed author of a book, but to the supposed author of periodical articles which happen to be displeasing to the owner of the craze. Like all writings of the kind, they do not annoy, though they often amuse, and they always excite a languid curiosity to know what kind of man he can be who has so little to do with his time that he can spend a good deal of it in writing letters which he must see have no kind of effect. The craze remains unheeded; the writer before whom it is so often set remains as unconverted as he was at the beginning. It is most amusing of all when the crazy correspondent, in some lucid moment, tells scholar A. that he is quite hopeless, and that he will for the future write to scholar B. instead. But the first love is still uppermost, and, after a few letters to B., he turns round again to write a second series to A. Of all the queer items which go to make up the revenue of the United Kingdom, surely none is queerer than the income which comes from the postage stamps thus hopelessly wasted by crazy correspondents.

So much for crazy correspondence on matters purely literary. But the depth and mystery of the whole thing increases a thousandfold when the subject of correspondence is not purely literary, but political. Setting aside prime ministers and other great leaders, as too high for us, a man whose name is in the least known cannot stir at all prominently in a political question without at once feeling the result, not only in the swollen size of his letter-bag, but in the increased strangeness of its contents. We set aside letters from friends, letters which, though from strangers, are in any way invited, and letters which, from whatever quarter they come, contain any reasonable information or suggestion. All these are in their measure welcome, even though they may be a little overwhelming in point of number. The really strange thing is the kind of letters which seem to have no practical object,

the letters which are purely gushing, whether it is with admiration or abuse that they gush over. It betokens a state of mind into which it is hard to enter—at all events, it is a thing which it would not enter into our own head to do—to sit down and write to a man of whom we have no knowledge, but whose speech or letter we have just read, simply to tell him how much we admire him, or how much we despise him. The admirer of course will always command a certain sympathy from the admired. The admiration may be a little crazy, and there may be so much of it as to be a distinct bore; still, there is after all a pleasant side to the feeling of being admired by anybody. The real puzzle is the kind of letter which gushes over, not from the sweet fountain, but from the bitter. If the writer's object is to give serious annoyance, he utterly fails; he causes a good deal of amusement, some curiosity, but of real annoyance not a jot. The receiver of such letters has so long been used to every degree of praise and blame that he is not greatly set up by praise or greatly set down by blame, unless they come from mouths which speak with unusual authority. What object does a man propose to himself when he sits down to write to any man, above all to a man of some reputation in the world, to tell him, sometimes in decent sometimes in indecent language, how great a knave or fool he must be, and how much better it would be if he would leave off writing such trash as he does write? Does he suppose that such advice will have the least effect? The letter which contains it bears no name at all, or a name which nobody ever heard of before. Alas for the censor! If his warnings are felt to be of any importance at all, it is simply because they are taken as proof that the blow must have hit hard when it causes the party which it was aimed at to yell so loudly. But a distinct feeling of curiosity is awakened. As a contribution to the philosophy of human nature, one would like to know what kind of people they are who write these things, where they live, how they were brought up, whether they have nothing better to do than to write foolish letters, and what object they expect to compass by writing foolish letters. With what purpose does A. B., whom nobody ever heard of, sit down with the air of a master to lecture C. D., whom most people have heard of? If he wishes to cause some amusement and to awaken some curiosity, he certainly succeeds; but that is all. A good deal both of the curiosity and the amusement

extends to gushing admirers as well as to gushing enemies. But the position of the gushing admirer is more intelligible, as it is certainly more amiable. The gushing enemy is really so curious a form of humanity that one half wishes to see him in the flesh, and to subject him to a process of mental and moral vivisection.

From Nature.

THE INTRA-MERCURIAL PLANET OR PLANETS.

THE question of the existence of one or more planetary bodies revolving within the orbit of Mercury is again revived by Weber's observation of a round black spot just within the sun's eastern limb, on the afternoon of April 4 in the present year, which had not been visible on the same morning, and early on the following day had disappeared. The position at 2 3-4m. only from this limb is one where an ordinary spot would not be expected to exhibit a circular outline; and a round black disk, in such a position more especially, must instantly attract the attention of a practised observer. On April 4 clouds unfortunately prevented lengthened observation, and in Weber's notice there is no reference to any perceptible motion during the short time the spot could be watched.

This observation resembles others already upon record, made by persons equally worthy of credit, which it is hardly possible to explain except on the hypothesis that one or more planetary bodies exist with mean distance less than Mercury, the rate of motion, where motion has been detected by the most reliable observers, not being consistent with greater distance from the sun. While it is certain that comets with perihelia within the earth's orbit have transited the solar disk, and notwithstanding such transits may have been more frequent than is generally supposed, the appearance of the spots now in question seems, at least in several of the best-authenticated cases, to negative any idea of their being due to the passage of comets across the sun, near their nodes. At the same time there are several instances where the form of the spots would perhaps accord better with the assumption of a cometary transit, unless we can admit that the deviation from circular contour is attributable to an optical cause.

It may be remembered that the attention of astronomers was first seriously di-

rected to the possible existence of a planet or planets interior to the orbit of Mercury, by M. Leverrier's announcement that the motion of the perihelion of this planet was not explained by known causes of perturbation, but that an excess of thirty-eight seconds in the century must be admitted beyond the value derived from theory, to produce an agreement between calculation and observation in the discussion of the long series of observed transits across the sun's disk. The unexplained motion of the line of apsides might, as M. Leverrier remarked, be due to the existence of a single interior planet of a mass which would depend upon its mean distance. With a distance of 0.17 (period of revolution 25.6 days) the mass would be precisely equal to that of Mercury, and it would vary inversely with the distance. Or it might be due to a group of small planets circulating within the orbit of Mercury.

Having before us the whole of the recorded observations of the presence of suspicious spots upon the sun's disk, we shall soon discover that they hardly admit of explanation on the hypothesis of a single planet, even if we assume a small inclination of the orbit of this planet to the ecliptic, a condition which, while it would greatly extend the transit-limits, must at the same time render the transits so frequent that it is in a high degree improbable the planet could have so long escaped certain detection. Some few of the observations, as just remarked, we may perhaps refer to comets in transit; it remains to endeavor to ascertain from observations not thus explained what period or periods will best represent them, with the view to being warned of the probable times of future transits.

This subject has engaged the attention of M. Leverrier during the last few weeks, or since he became cognizant of Weber's observation last April, the notification of which was long delayed. It appears that the observations of Stark and Steinheil, 1820, February 12, Lescarbault, 1859, March 26, and that of Weber, may refer to the same planetary body if the revolution be supposed 28.0077 days; this being the sidereal revolution with respect to the node, the synodical period would be 30.33 days; the corresponding mean distance from the sun is 0.18, and the maximum elongation ten and one-half degrees. Such a planet would again be in conjunction with the sun on October 2nd or 3rd of the present year; and if Lescarbault's observation affords any approximation to the position of the line of nodes would pass

across the sun's disk, and for this reason M. Leverrier has directed attention to the importance of a close watch upon the same, during these days, such watch, if possible, to extend to distant meridians, so as to insure pretty continuous observation through the forty-eight hours, Paris time. He has already advised American observatories through Prof. Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and it is to be hoped the chance of making an important discovery at this time, may be made known to observers in the East. It will be seen that the aid of the telegraph is indispensable, in order to secure complete evidence of the existence or non-existence of the hypothetical planet this autumn.

Other observations may be reconciled with a period of similar length, but the planet to which they may be supposed to refer cannot be identical with the above. Thus if Mr. Lummis's sketch of the path of the small round black spot, which he remarked upon the sun at Manchester on the morning of March 20, 1862, is reliable in the hurried and otherwise disadvantageous circumstances under which it was made, the ascending node was almost diametrically opposite to that of Lescarbault's planet, elements which have been attributed to MM. Valz and Rádau, and exhibiting a near agreement in the position of the line of nodes, being certainly erroneous. Again, one of the most interesting observations bearing upon the existence of an intra-Mercurial planet is that made about the end of June or beginning of July 1847 in this country, which can hardly be supposed to refer to either of the objects seen by Lescarbault and Lummis respectively. The exact date of this observation is unfortunately lost beyond recovery.

Mr. B. Scott, the city chamberlain, observing the sun's disk near London, a short time before sunset late in June or on one of the first days in July, remarked upon it a perfectly circular black disk, and was so confident of the unusual character of the spot that he was on the point of making known his observation through one of the London daily journals on the evening of the same day, when unfortunately an astronomical friend, under the impression that an ordinary spot had been observed, dissuaded Mr. Scott from so doing.

It thus happened that the matter dropped until the announcement in 1860 of Lescarbault's observation on March 26 in the preceding year, when Mr. Scott, in a communication addressed to the *Times*, drew attention to his experience in the summer of 1847. It was then discovered that he had not been the only observer of the strange object. Mr. Wray, the well-known optician, then resident at Whitby, had remarked a small circular black spot upon the sun late one afternoon at the end of June or early in July, though he also had, in 1860, lost the exact date. Both these gentlemen have furnished the writer with every other particular of their observations. That they refer to the same object can hardly be doubted. Mr. Wray had it under observation for forty minutes, when the sun sank into a bank of cloud and was not again visible that day. In this interval the spot appeared to have moved about five minutes of arc, and when last perceived was so near the western wing of the sun that Mr. Wray believes if the cloud had not interfered, in about ten minutes he would have witnessed the egress. This circular spot, the diameter of which he judged to be about six seconds of arc, was not visible early on the following morning, though other spots of ordinary form which were present on the disk remained nearly unchanged. Mr. Scott was observing with a refractor of about four and one half inches aperture, Mr. Wray with a fine six-foot Newtonian reflector of equal aperture, which he was employing at the time in a study of the varying aspect of the solar spots. Notwithstanding the unfortunate loss of the date of these observations, such particulars as are available are still of value as certifying the existence of such objects in transit; there is no observation of the kind resting upon more excellent authority.

A letter from Prof. Heis, of Münster, the author of the "*Atlas Cælestis Nova*," received while closing these remarks, gives full details respecting Weber's observation. The spot was intensely black, perfectly round, and smaller than the planet Mercury in transit. Prof. Heis expresses the utmost confidence in this observation by his friend, who has long been accustomed to examine the solar disk.

J. R. HIND.